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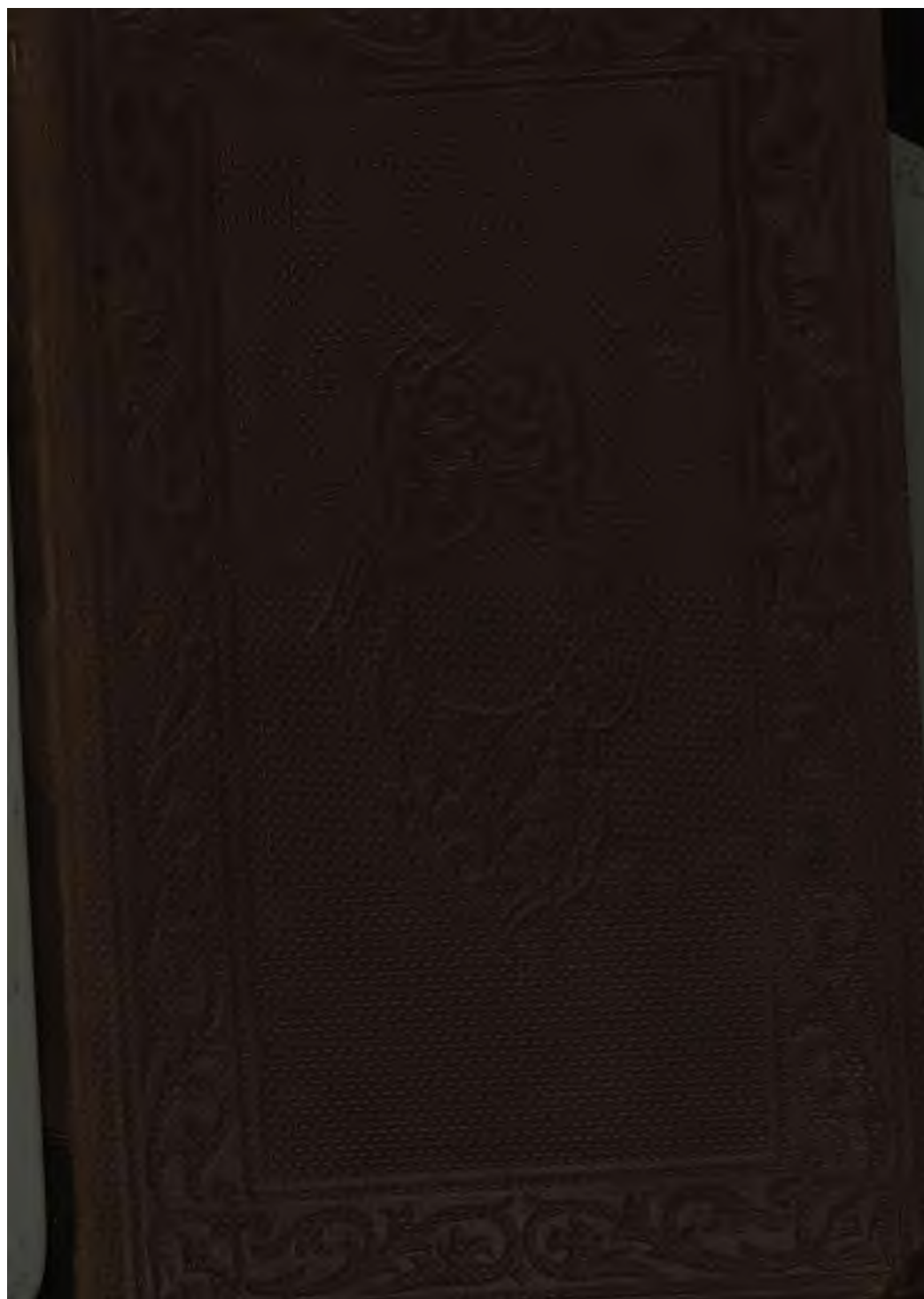
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CURIOUS THINGS
OF THE
OUTSIDE WORLD.
LAST FIRE.

BY
HARGRAVE JENNINGS,
AUTHOR OF THE "INDIAN RELIGIONS; OR, RESULTS OF
THE MYSTERIOUS BUDDHISM,"
ETC., ETC.

"Can such things be?"—
SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
T. AND W. B O O N E,
29 NEW BOND STREET.

1861.



P R E F A C E.

WE have sought to write not only a new and a striking, but an entertaining book. It is upon subjects which must ever be most interesting, and which—if any can—shall set a reader musing. Our book will gratify the mind of a peruser. If we have not succeeded in detailing our story in a plain and candid manner, and managed to marshal our illustrations in lucid and effective order, it has been from no want of importance in the things treated of, nor of the great deeplying truth which underplaces

the superstructure; but the causes will lie elsewhere.

We are aware of the profuse labours of various—and some very clever—persons to set up the real in absolute triumph over that which they choose to call the *intangible*; to explain miracle into myth; out of science to forge the key which shall unlock all the wonders of the world:—evaporating mystery, in fact. Even if they could succeed, we should grudge them their success. But as it happens that although their body of argument is unanswerable—that, when they appeal to reason, no one—out of the reason—can say them nay; that out of this whole bulk of “good sentences and well pronounced” there is nothing—with no philosophical sword—which you can cut through—and yet that men doubt, we think we are not far wrong in saying that the time is not yet come—if it ever can

come—that apparitions shall be dismissed out of the world. The world will yet believe, though it knows it ought not to believe.

We consider that, in the course of our book, we give some of the reasons why men cling so to the real:—why they cannot endure this idea of there being strange extra-natural things, yet, in the world. Curious Things of the Outside World lie, naturally, out of the range and reach of men's senses. If there be Inner and Outer, the Outer contains the Inner.

Now, all our narrations are fortified with abundant proof. We debated with ourselves whether we should, in our confirmation, cite and append the multitudinous authorities wherein lie the support of all our statements, and which constitute the framework of our philosophy. A striking catalogue of works new and old, in languages

dead and living, and referring, almost, to all conceivable topics :—history, natural philosophy, religion, art, science, legends, mystic subjects—could have been prefixed to this book as, in one way or other, contributing to the strange things treated of in it. Patient inquest, careful selection, and deep-thinking have made it that which it is. But we refrain from prefacing with a list of books, because, in our view, though the look might have been impressive, a reader has nothing to do with the tools, but all with the work. And also because we wished to give results apart from the parade of learning. A parade which might have seemed to be implied in our catalogue of curious authors and most valuable volumes. We have avoided, as much as possible, in this First Volume, which contains supernatural stories, and which forms the scaffolding, as it were, to the building that we

openly display in our Second Volume, accounts by contemporaries. But, wherever made use of, we have taken great pains to search out, and to verify these accounts, by the originals. We particularly wish the reader to bear this in mind, as it is of importance.

LONDON :

28th September, 1860.

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CURIOUS THINGS

OF THE

OUTSIDE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

Real or unreal? Is all body, or has spirit aught to do with the world? Is Intelligence in the world, or is it the working of a blind machine? Is Spirit possible? The supernatural has been believed in all time. Man much happier without the sense of the possibility of spirits. Is man alone in his world? Man's sense-registers are merely questions begged. Cowardice of all writers upon the supernatural, who apologise for the possibility of that which, believing, they should affirm as true. Denunciation of the so-called Spiritual Manifestation as an absurd and dangerous vice, springing from philosophical ignorance.

ARE there intelligent things, of which we know nothing, dealing with the world? Is

all a wondrous mechanism, a perfect play of solids which proceeds unerringly, and of whose laws the scientific people are the only interpreters? Are there no such things as miracles? Is the progress of things never changed? And, once out of the world, do the departed never return?

Is all chance? Cannot the future ever be foreseen? Are all the strange matters told us mere fables or inventions?—the forgery of the imaginative mind, or the self-belief of the deluded?

Whence came that fear which has always pervaded the world? How comes it that, in all times, spirits have been believed? Cannot history, cannot science, cannot common sense conjure this phantom of spiritual fear, until it really resolve into the real? Cannot the apparition be laid? Cannot we eject this terror of invisible *thinking* things — spectators of us—out of the world? Nothing is really done until this be done, if it can ever

be done. Man is absolutely not fairly in his world, until this other thing is out of it.

It cannot be done. And why? Because this fear lies buried in the truth of things. Man's interest lies quite the other way of believing it. This dread of the supernatural is the clog upon his boldness—the mistrust which spoils his plans—which interferes with his prosperity—which brings a cloud over the sunshine of his certainties. Man, then, is afflicted with this fearful mistrust, that, after all, perhaps, his *life* may be the “dream,” and that unknown future (which is filled with those whom he knew) is the “waking.” Where have our friends gone? Where shall *we* go? Are there well-known faces about us, though we see them not? Are there silent feet amidst our loud feet? And is it possible to come suddenly upon these:—ay, and to hear? Miracle, or flash, in the (contrarily-struck) waves of spirit and body.

Now, we contend that man is much better without this unpleasant possibility, and that he must feel much more agreeably in his old familiar world—without spirit in it. This is the reason of the derision; this is the source of the affected pity at the belief of them; this is the cause of the indignation at them, which await all accounts of the marvellous. Men secretly tremble. But they hide their fears under the supposed defiance and in the boastful jest. In company they are bold. Separately they reflect, in their own secret minds, that, after all, these things may be true. True from such and such confirmatory surmises of their own; true from, perhaps, some personal unaccountable experiences, or from the assurance of some friend whom they are disposed to believe. But only *disposed* to believe. Modern times reject the supernatural; are supposed to have no superstition. Superstition?—When this modern time is full of superstition!

But, unfortunately, man has restless curiosity;—he loves real truth—he solicits that which he can finally depend upon. He would believe if he could. But the evidence of supernatural things is so evasive—so fantastic—so, in one word, unreliable; that he will hold by the ordinary scientific explanations. All mystery, he says, is that only partially known. When that which constitutes a thing is understood, man declares, the mystery ceases. He only finds nature. Unknown nature before—now known nature.

The faculty of wonder is a gift:—by wonder we mean that highest exhaustive knowledge of the things of this world, upon which to set-up, or to construct, the machinery of converse with another. By the ladder of the several senses, we climb to the top platform, the general sense. In most men's minds this bridge of intelligence is not stretched. And this knowledge of the supernatural is rejected like precious gems to grasp which there are, literally, no hands.

A compliant cowardice, and an ashamed, merely half-belief have pervaded writers who, really, ought to have known better — who believed while they denied. But, now, to an illustration out of “science,” as it is called.

Man’s register of heat has a scale below his *zero* and above his vanishing-point of it. His senses are of the confines of this register. This is his nature. But there is heat above, as well as cold below, of which he knows nothing. Above and below this “extracted” portion (which, to him, is the whole of nature,) is the supernatural. No less a nature to other apprehensions capable of it. Now his own scale is sometimes broken, and inroad of the supernatural is made to him. But the fractures close instantly again, and exclude that which temporarily forced them asunder. So spirit discloses and disappears. Life is *in* spirit. Life is the meaning of things. Spirit is the interjection.

We feel a sensation of surprise and shame, that some writers who, out of the secret strength of their minds and not out of its weakness, saw that there is more in that which is called superstition than meets the eye, should, because they hesitated and were afraid to deal with it seriously, condescend to disparage and to treat it with ridicule. Superstition is degrading; a sense of the supernatural is ennobling. Walter Scott—although from the constitution of his mind he could not fail to be a believer—has surmised, and supposed, and apologised for, and toned into commonplace and explained, until he has resolved all his wonders—we may say, stripped all his truths—into nothing. Will it never be seen that even truth—that is, *our* truth—may be only plausible? Walter Scott's mind was not profound enough for a really deep sense of the Invisible. We greatly doubt whether he had, or by nature could have, the true wise man's sense of the Great

Unseen ;—that which holds this world but as an island in it. Whether, indeed, he did not designedly deal with the marvellous, and chip, and pare, amidst his superstitions, and trim all up with the instincts of a romantic, and the eye to a balance in his favour of the mere worldly man, is a fair suspicion. As a clear-headed, common-sense man, who, in his good-nature, and in his admiration of it, wanted to stand well with the world ;— as a man who thoroughly enjoyed his life, and possessed an abundance of rich and *marketable* imagination :— as all this, Walter Scott converted superstitions as into his stock in trade. We seriously mistrust whether, while believing, he did not—to please the world—still deny ;—whether in his affected, and even pretendedly laughing, disclaimers, he was not secretly bowing all the time, before the very thing he thought it allowable to barter. This, if true, was disingenuous, if not something worse.

Nearly all the writers who have treated

of the marvellous have done so in the disbelieving vein. It is the fashion to seem to sneer. All of this acting before the world comes from the too great love of it;—arises out of the fear of that which may be said of us. There prevails a too great compliance with convention;—too great a meeting of the universal prejudice. Men are too apologetic, even in their faiths. In the face of standards, few men have the boldness to be singular. Habit dictates our form of thought, as equally as it legalises our dress. We dreadfully fear the world.

Other narrators and exponents of the supernatural—though aware of the always powerfully interesting material which they have at command—instead of being imbued with the strong sense of the latent truth in them—may be said, indeed, almost with one consent—though longing to tell—to begin to parade a sort of shame at their revelations. And, pray, wherefore? They

are already met more than half-way in every sensible man's mind. There are few families—nay, there is scarcely an individual—who has not had something *naturally* unexplainable in his history. The supernatural tale always finds an echo in every breast.

Now, if discredited by writers, the “supernatural” should not be treated-of by them. There are plenty of subjects at which they may play, but that—if they believe any life but their ordinary life—so serious one. If the possibility of the supernatural be believed, and its instances be accepted, they are bound, as candid men and honest men, to make the avowal that they believe. The explanations which are frequently offered of things appearing as supernatural, are greatly more difficult to credit than the extra-natural matters themselves. They are often infinitely clumsy. Somewhat roughly examined, they will continually fall to pieces of them-

selves. Of some unaccountable things, in fact, nobody credits the "explanations." The uncomfortable fact is *got rid of*. The subject is dismissed, to make way for the next soliciting object. The wonder is given up as unexplainable. And that is the whole process. This is a very easy, though not a very conclusive or satisfactory, method of disproving. We suppose we disbelieve.

We are conscientious enemies to all those *phenomena* ranged under the too vague—nay, unmeaning—head of Spiritual Manifestations. We think that they have done infinite harm in bringing discredit upon, and in vulgarising, the general subject of supernaturalism, and in misleading people's minds. We are weary of the jargon whereby strange and unexplainable—possibly natural—doubtless natural—*phenomena* have been degraded. The history of all unknown things has been thus similar, that, at the outset, they have invariably been invested with the attributes of

the magical. We must carefully guard ourselves from credulity. Such things as these presumed Spiritual Disclosures have been known in all ages. There is nothing newer, other than that they have been suddenly and widely noticed, in these psychologico-magnetic displays—this supposed spiritual betrayal—this counter-working and false working of the universal transitive evolution—these aberrations of polarity. We have an abiding dislike to, and we cordially dissent from, all this epileptic wandering:—all this convulsive, incoherent, blame-worthy—nay, audacious reaching out at forbidden things. The pampered human mind can run into any extreme. We, on the contrary, are friends to the solidest and plainest common sense.

We apprehend that the explanation of the spiritual-manifestations—as they are called—may be, that the forceful magnetism with which the world is charged is (in states of excitement) impelled through

the medium—probably the stronger through the reflective VACUITY; and that it undulates *again* outwards, as we see the rings, or rather the single ring, upon a sheet of water circumsolve from about a stone suddenly dropped in. The exterior, magnetic, unconscious rings may become intelligent, from which “motived circles” — obeying laws of which we know nothing— or from which invisible walls, come sounds; vibrates motion. It may be at the intersection of these “out of sense” circles (which, from the multitude of minds, must be innumerable, though they are altogether unsuspected) at which are struck all that strange attraction and repulsion which we call sympathy and antipathy, and in which are mind-commerce, and all the puzzling *phenomena* of the so-called spiritual shows. Thus the mind answers to itself. And instead of “spirit” having anything to do with it, it is all the invisible, “microscopical, “unnecessary work to the world”

of man's own *other nature* :—real spirit being still as far off as ever, and outside and transcended of all of it! All the grave gossip and delusion, therefore, of religious communication and of impartments, (truly pieced out, in his wild-imagination, by the consultant's own convulsive ingenuity,) of disembodied individualities, must fall to the ground. The *phenomena* are indisputable. What they are, the scientific world has yet to learn. We seem to fall, in these things, into a wide field of vital magnetism. And also into mind-contagion.

We promise our readers that they shall have nothing in our pages that hath not philosophy as its basis; and that, although we may be strange and singular, we shall not be strange and singular without a warrant. Therefore shall we entirely steer clear of that which, in these times, is called "Spiritualism"—with a boldness only more audacious than it is low—and which we

consider a dangerous and vulgarising jargon.

We believe we are also correct in stating that, in our second volume, we shall be the first, and only, modern exponents of Rosicrucianism.

CHAPTER II.

How happens it that the supernatural is still believed ?

Instances personal to the reader. What is the meaning of the word miracle ? Is miracle possible, or is it a fable ? Nature is alike in all time. If possible once, miracle must be possible now.

How is it, that, after centuries of doubt and denial—how is it, that, in face of the history to which it is repugnant, the reason that rejects, the common sense to which it is something altogether irreconcilable, and in opposition and defiance to the science which can demonstrate it to be impossible :—how is it, we ask, that the supernatural has such deep and powerful hold over the human mind ? How is it, that, of all fears—however disavowed as personal and particular, and disallowed as referring to all

men, and general, inasmuch as it interpenetrates nature;—how happens it, that the fear of the supernatural is the greatest fear? Greatest—although not confessed—in the largest as equally as in the smallest mind.

What is fear? It is dread of harm to the body, through the interruption of the proper outworking of the senses;—the harmonious evolvment of the organs through which we men are at one with nature. Or it is the uneasiness of that thing which we call mind—which distrust comes out of the vague fear of the invisible, or of that which lieth outside of us. Every man dreads the future. Every man dreads that thing which he calls *chance*.

There are moments in the history of the busiest man when his life seems a masquerade. There are periods in the story of the most engrossed and most worldly-minded man, when this strong fear will come, like a cloud, over him; when this conviction will start,

athwart his horizon, like a flash from out a cloud. He will look up to the sunshine, some day, and in the midst of the business-clatter by which he may be surrounded, a man will, in a moment's glance, seem to see the whole jostle of human interests and city bustle, or any stir, as so much empty show. Like the sick person, he will sometimes raise his head, and out of the midst of his distractions, and out of the grasp which that thing, "business," always has of him, he will ask himself the question, What does all this mean? Is the whole world awake, and am I asleep and dreaming a dream? Or is it that the whole world is the dream, and that I, in this single moment, have alone awaked?

Let any reader cast back his glance out of this present hubbub, and review the whole course of his experience in his past life: let him recall the summers and winters, with his very few happy days in them, his springs and autumns; the hollow years

which the old almanacs have swept away with them, and the people and the things which filled them. Doth not your past history, my friend, seem like a dream? Where have gone those events? Where are the people who were about you in those events? You are not, yourself, sensible of the change. But what a change is there in yourself!

Unexpected griefs—shocks (as they are called)—extremes, even, of joy, which are the rarest flickers on this dark stream of life;—unlooked-for news—calls, as we may designate them, from off the road—away from this great, jogtrot, monotonously-tramping highway of life; these solicitings of the Invisible are as the touch of the enchanter, in which the world seems no more the world. We tire in the daily walk. We cease our hand from off the daily wheel, the slavery and the expiation of turning of which is ours. We are no longer of the hard things, and of the common-sense

things, in which we daily move. The clouds, then, become more real, and wood and stone things fainter. Solid things, in this view, become very much fainter.

In other words, we have stepped among spirits. Our daily bread secured, we look for other bread. Driven into a world's corner, we look for help from Heaven! And we hope it, sometimes, direct!

To reduce the question into the narrowest limits—do spirits exist? Is there anything apart from the solid, the tangible, the senses of man, the bulk of nature? Can intelligences exist without a body? Is the world of soul within the world of flesh, or is the world of flesh within the world of spirit? Which is the real thing, the material or the immaterial? All the speculation—all the purposes of life may be confined within these circumscribed bounds. Either this world is all, or it is, almost, nothing. For if the senses are all of the man; if Nature is just the mere solids which

she presents to us ; if the course of circumstances is fortuitous ; if we are, really, alone in the world ; if nothing is believable—and therefore possible—but what is demonstrable ; if human reason is everything, and common sense the true guide and the only guide ; why then—if all that the world tells us be really true—the sooner we close the account with this outside phantom-world the better ! In this case, AWAY WITH IT ! And away with all the spiritual tales which are told us ! The quicker that we realise to ourselves the fact that all of the supernatural—though, possibly, amusing—is all of the untrue, the more conformable it will be to the comfortable exercising of ourselves. We are children otherwise. Why should we frighten ourselves with fairy-tales ? Why bring over us this damp of the phantasmagoric view of life ? We must, surely, be as the rude and ignorant—as the very unlettered—in distressing ourselves concerning this supposed outside

watch of which fabulists have found it their interest to tell us. Surely, in this nineteenth century, when exploration has sifted the world, and science has exposed, however admirable, all the watch-work of it; when superstitions have been, even from their last lurking-places, expelled, and when teaching has almost—we are compelled to use the significant word, *almost*—settled things, we can dismiss our belief in this old-world, mistaken idea of the reappearance of the dead; of anything which has ceased out of the world. We can get rid of the fear of the preternatural. In one word, supernaturalism is untrue, because nature is true. And because it has nothing of the supernatural in it. All the groping in the world cannot discover a thing that is not there.

What is the meaning of the word miracle? It is something, in its own nature, incredible. Now the credible is founded upon an experience which has been never known to

fail, and which, in fact, makes us up, and the human reason. That which is supernatural, being contrary to the order of nature, conquers and destroys that nature—supplies *itself*, instead of it. Now this is not to be imagined; it is not a thing to be thought as regarding that which we mean when we use the word “nature.” But, if we examine into our own minds, we shall be unable to give any other explanation of nature than that it is something which agrees with our living state. And in that we shall, certainly, be unable to find disembodied spirit. But, upon the question of mere possibility or impossibility, we shall discover that our conclusions are the most unfortunate. This is the belief which every man persuades himself into in his secret mind, and in which he is encouraged by his knowledge—nay, by all discovery. It is, *that the spirits are really out of the world; that man has it to himself; and that, as this world and another world are totally*

distinct, there cannot be strange visitants from the one into the other. Otherwise, there shall be no supernatural appearances to frighten man. He wants not these disturbances. He would much rather have his world to himself. *In his future world of spirits, he will be produced as of it, and, therefore, without the fear of it.*

But suppose if this belief should only be the firmer rooted in him, that his business—that is, the business of the world, or the world itself—should go on. If man knew the future, the future—as he could make no effort towards that which he already possessed—would be the *past*, and the world would be at a stand-still. As the lesser sinks into the greater; if man could be convinced of the existence of spirits, he would have no heart for this world, as his mind would pass off into, and absolutely become, the mere feeling of awe. And he would be, already, out of the world, and in the spirit-world. Man seeks not ruins for his habitation!

It is a strange thing, that men should profess to believe in the doctrines of the Bible, and yet be found to reject the possibility of spirits, and of their mingling in the affairs of life. Every clergyman, in his pulpit, would have us credit the wonders, the miracles, the supernatural things which are related in both the Testaments; and yet, the moment he is asked to admit the possibility of the re-happening of these strange apparent violations of nature in our own time, he literally, as he thinks, *falls back upon nature* in denying that they can happen. If impossible now, they must have been as equally impossible at all time. Nature is the same to-day that it ever was, Such as the past time was, such is the present. God's universe hath no fashions. Men have. It is unreasonable, one-sided, illògical, pitiably childish, to accede to certain propositions, for our convenience, at one time, and to deny them at another. It is poor reason, and very unreliable con-

sistency, to accept at one time, and to repudiate at another, just because the matters chanced, at the latter period, to be unpopular. What has popularity to do with truth? Why cannot we believe the testimony of credible people? Why must we insist that because *we* cannot understand things, they must, therefore, be delusion? To say that Spirit is out of the world now, though it once was in it, is as absurd as to say that we have a new and modern sun, instead of the old and traditional sun; that the same sun is not shining now, that *darkened* itself over the Crucifixion. But the favourite theological view of these things is, that, although in the old day—by which people mean the Bible day—miracles, and interference with the course of nature, are not to be doubted, that, at the coming of the Saviour — which Advent is assumed as the first and only revelation, and the real and all-comprehending and conclusive disclosure of God—

all the familiar, as it were, interchange of the natural and the preternatural, and the exterior command upon nature, ceased; that, in short, the mission of Spirit being accomplished, the hands of Spirit ceased from off nature; and that, now, the world is empty, save for the Man that is in it.

To say the least of this, it is no conclusion at all. It is just as wise to believe all such supposed incontrovertible conclusions, and this authorised church-teaching, as to say that the watch can go, and keep its intelligent time, without the maker—he whose contrivance still survives in it; that a person cannot call up, in his memory, the phantom of anybody he has known without being face to face—in the body—with him. What is this latter but a minor sort of miracle? Who—out of the senses—can define our thoughts? All is miracle.

But we deal with authorities. In the course of our book we shall adduce so many instances of the supernatural—historical

and domestic—as it will be impossible to resist: that is, if men are not to be supposed in a universal league to falsify and to deceive; if a general consent cannot be made out to amuse and to laugh at; if an unanimity truly unheard of, or an obliquity unbelievable, is not to be demonstrated. Testimony which, over and over again, would be admitted in all the Courts of Justice in the world; evidence which, anywhere, would dispose of property and of life; corroborative proofs, not confluent and convincing in the gross, broad, immediate sense (which often makes mistakes); but forcible in the most perfectly guarded disbelief, and weighty in the most infinitesimally delicate appreciative balances:—attestation such as this awaits the great fact that miracle, even in this our own modern day, is not only possible, but that it takes place. This is bold assertion. But let the reader be cautious in rejecting it.

We have pointed out the real reason why

unbelievable—that is, extra-sense—truth should never be credited. It is that the world should reclose completely—be the perfect—about us; that we should always come back into it, not having had our warning out of it. Science-men are kings in their own domain, which is the world of sense. But they are very untrustworthy guides out of it. They can domesticate us very satisfactorily in this world, and can, piece by piece, put the machinery of it into our hand. But they can never give us another. Nor will *their* glance ever arrest one invisible visitant from out another world; nor will *their* sight ever penetrate, for a moment, past that shadowy curtain—which is yet, perhaps, penetrable—which divides the Seen from the Unseen. Let us give Science due honour; but let us not render up to it our hopes of the future, as equally as all of us of the present. If our reader will calmly and candidly consider that which we shall hereafter have to tell

him, we think we can promise that although certainly not a "sadder"—because he shall have no reason to be so—he shall "a wiser man—

"Arise the morrow morn!"

The human reason will never find God. Though something better than human reason may. And this is our moral.

We will now proceed, incidentally, to cite the opinions of some very able men upon this all-important subject of the possibility of the supernatural. And we shall supply our own criticisms upon those whom we quote, as we advance. Both we propose to treat at large.

CHAPTER III.

Apparitions. Universality of the fear of the supernatural. Confutation of the arguments against the possibility of supernatural things. Apparition to a Judge. Disturbed house of a Mr. Cosnan. Anne Weatherley of Whitstable. Colonel Guy Johnson. Apparition of a lady in Ireland. Athenian Stuart.

WHOEVER applies himself to the subject of apparitions, must feel that the time has gone by when the affectation of treating it in the half-serious, half-burlesque manner adopted by writers who, perhaps, perceived they had a reputation at stake, will satisfy the inquiring mind. Of late years, the important question, whether the spirit really exists in distinct form after the death of the body, has shown a tendency to assume

its proper proportions relative to other subjects of philosophical interest ; and there is a large and increasing class of earnest minds, whom neither the smile of pity nor the sneer of contempt will turn from an investigation so becoming those who profess a belief in their immortal nature. The reaction against the debasing superstition of the middle ages has fully effected its purpose, and were the father of inductive science to appear among us, he would hardly now complain that our knowledge of chemistry, and similar subjects, is derived from spirits and angels. (See the "Novum Organum Scientiarum," sec. 3, n. 5.) In a word, there is no fear of our Faradays and Brewsters either searching for the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. On the contrary, the philosophy of this age has everything to hope from the revival of subjects possessing so much personal interest, and so important in their bearing on the chief doctrines of Revelation.

The appearance of "ghosts," as apparitions of departed souls are generally called, has been credited in all ages and nations, even the most barbarous; and, whatever a few reasoning philosophers may have concluded, these mysterious visitations have kept alive, in the minds of the commonalty, a fervid faith in the reality of the life after death. It is true, the credulous have often been imposed on, both by interested partisans of certain religious systems, and by their own ignorance of natural laws. But no amount of error, mingled with the truth, can debase the latter, which, like native gold, may be overlaid and hidden, but cannot be corrupted by the vulgar ore. Out of a certain number of alleged facts, many may be proved illusory; but, after all, if only one such be found genuine, it is sufficient to justify the popular faith. As the historian of magic observes, after affirming that spiritual communion exists between man and man, "it is but fair—this granted—to

assume the possibility—nay, more, the probability—of disclosure of spirit to man.”

The late Mr. Maturin, the author of the romance of “Melmoth,” the tragedy of “Bertram,” and several other works in which the presence of a vivid imagination is manifest in every page, has placed the subject of terror, as inspired by unseen agencies, in a very clear light in his introduction to the “Fatal Revenge; or, the Family of Montorio.” Probably very few of the present generation ever heard of that extravagant, but clever fiction. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the date of its publication, we believe, and it never reached a second edition. Yet such were the indications of genius it contained, although Maturin was a young man when he wrote it, that Sir Walter Scott thought it worthy of a critical niche in the “Quarterly Review.” The “Fatal Revenge” is not worth reviving as a whole: it is stuffed full of horrors imitated after Mrs. Radcliffe, but dressed up

in more nervous diction, and with a profounder sense of the terrible and the picturesque. Greater powers, however, than Maturin possessed would be required to restore the popularity of that school of writing now. People are too seriously engrossed in the real affairs of life to be moved by fantastical abstractions. There is no longer any craving after prodigies and impossibilities—no longer any running, in breathless expectancy, to the circulating library for the third volume, to see how the mysteries are explained—in short, no longer any leisure for the indulgence of morbid curiosity.

The passage to which we desire to draw the attention of the reader contains the following observations :

“ I question if there be a source of emotion in the whole mental frame so powerful or universal as *the fear arising from objects of invisible terror*. Perhaps there is no other that has been, at some

period or other of life, the predominant and indelible sensation of every mind, of every class, and under every circumstance. Love, supposed to be the most general of passions, has certainly been felt in its purity by very few, and by some not at all, even in its most indefinite and simple state. The same might be said, *à fortiori*, of other passions. But who is there that has never feared? Who is there that has not involuntarily remembered the gossip's tale in solitude, or in darkness? Who is there that has not sometimes shivered under an influence he would scarce acknowledge to himself?"

There seems to be a slight verbal negligence in the passage marked in italics. The meaning of the author obviously is, *the fear arising from invisible objects of terror.*

That this is a common source of emotion, is, we think, a proposition not to be denied. Whether that, however, which, after all, seems to be but an accident, is as universal

as love, which is a necessity of our nature, will not be so readily admitted. Terror, no doubt, under one influence or another, has been felt by everybody; but terror, under that particular aspect to which Maturin seems to confine the terms of his definition, has certainly not been felt by some.

The terror of indefinite influences, of the supernatural and invisible, is by no means the result either of constitutional weakness, or the superstitious credulity of ignorance. It takes its spring in deeper and more general causes. It belongs to the whole class of unsatisfied problems which relate to the connection subsisting between this physical world and the shadowy universe by which it is surrounded, towards which our secret speculations are perpetually directed, but upon the ethereal elements of which our grosser faculties speculate in vain. This sense of another world encompassing us, filled with spiritual intelligences, is an instinct of nature, to which religion itself serves

only to give a sublimer earnestness. Every human being, in all classes of life and at all ages, has been conscious of this secret sensation ; and no outward braveries of scepticism can conceal or overcome it. The true courage consists, not in affectation of contempt for such notions, but in the desire to sift and comprehend them. Why is it that adults as well as children have, more or less, a certain vague feeling of uneasiness in the dark ? Not a dread of ghosts—not a fear of robbers—not an apprehension of accident, for they can sit still,—*but a consciousness of being left alone in the spiritual world of silence and darkness.* In the daylight there is no such sensation ; they are then surrounded by the visible things with which they are familiar, and find companionship and response and activity on all sides to occupy their thoughts.

There is nothing very surprising in all this. It is only when we get beyond the region of the invisible, and find ourselves face to

face with Phenomena, of the functions and existences of which we can never be informed on this side of the grave, that we have any real ground for the expression of mental awe. We speak of such Phenomena neither ambiguously nor distrustfully. We assume at once that, whatever opinions men may entertain in the abstract upon questions which no man living is competent to resolve, they cannot set aside veritable testimonies in matters of this nature, which they would be compelled to admit upon the ordinary affairs of life. If evidence be admissible at all—and if it be not, the door is closed upon inquiry, as if human intelligence had already cleared up that solemn mystery which no human intelligence can penetrate—then we are bound to receive and judge in the measure of its credibility. We know of no other test by which we can ever arrive, not at the solution of our doubts, but at a right understanding of what it is we doubt. To meet all well-authenticated

statements of spectral appearances (if we may so call those dim and inexplicable forms which men have seen or fancied they saw), or any other attested accounts of *personal experiences on the confines of the world of shadows*, with a general disclaimer of philosophical dissent, is in effect to assert either that such things cannot be, or that the persons who have borne witness to them have grossly deceived themselves, or—the only remaining branch of the alternative—have desired still more grossly to deceive others

Now, these assertions are one and all untenable. To assert that such things cannot be, is the assumption of a fact for which no created being possesses warrant or authority. Who says that such things cannot be? How does he know they cannot be? Or, rather, can he inform us, out of the fathomless depths of his presumptuous ignorance, of the nature of that which he says cannot be? The very first condi-

tion of the assertion is itself unfulfilled—he does not even know what that is, the laws and restraints of which he has the temerity to dictate.

Then as to persons deceiving themselves. This is very possible. The senses are always liable to deception. But if we find the testimony clear and consistent—the circumstances coincident and independent of any extraneous influences of the imagination, and the character of the evidence pure and unimpeachable, as to the strength and soundness of the moral and intellectual faculties of the recipient—and, above all, if we find the same event testified at the same time by several persons,—we do not see how we can escape with any show of reason from the absolute necessity of admitting the proof, except by some such fraud as the parliamentary subterfuge of moving the previous question. In such cases—and there are many of them upon record—the capability of the witnesses to

judge of that which they looked upon is quite as much above impeachment as their veracity; and, certainly, as a mere matter of testimony, they must be allowed to be better judges of it than those who have no opportunity of judging of it except from their statement.

The supposition that such persons are engaged in a design to deceive others, is the last miserable refuge of an exhausted argument. So comprehensive a conspiracy was certainly never entered into before to delude the simplicity of the world, since it embraces some of the most enlightened as well as some of the most common-place of mankind; people of all ages, conditions, and countries, who, without concert with each other, must have embarked in the same crusade against the consciences, the dogmas, and the conventional negatives of society!

We have been tempted into these remarks by the following interesting communication with which we have been favoured

by a correspondent. After what we have said upon the subject generally, it is unnecessary to bespeak any special degree of attention to this curious relation of an authenticated fact. Commentary upon such things is not for us ; nor for any one who merely contends, as we do, for the right of evidence (in all other respects worthy of credence) to be admitted into court and heard with attention. The issues are vested in a HIGHER TRIBUNAL.

Our correspondent states that she used to listen to the story, in her youth, with thrilling interest as it fell from the lips of a venerable and venerated being, who had it from the judge himself, and who believed it to his dying day. It is a singular feature in the case, that Judge R—— was totally ignorant of the persons who were in the house where this occurrence took place, and that he was then a young man full of health and spirits, and the last person to

entertain, or even to admit, the existence of sensations of a fanciful or nervous kind.

Early in the commencement of the last century, the following most extraordinary occurrence happened to a gentleman who, in after life, attained to the highest honours the legal profession could bestow, and for many years adorned the judicial bench with a union of talent, integrity, and every other quality which became a scholar, a judge, and, above all, a Christian. After this humble and brief tribute to his exalted character, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he implicitly believed the following singular narrative, which he was in the habit of relating to his intimate friends.

In his early years, Mr. R—— had unfortunately imbibed many of those infidel doctrines which some years later broke forth with all their appalling, but sure fruits, in unhappy France, overturning throne and altar, and bathing the good and the virtuous

in their blood. The self-styled philosophers and *Freethinkers* (as they were otherwise called) of those days maintained, amongst other principles no less dark and gloomy than they were dangerous, the utter impossibility that the immaterial part, the soul of man, could exist for a moment when disunited from its earthly tenement, the body; and this had been a favourite theory with our young lawyer. Mr. R— was then making what was considered a very encouraging progress in his profession, and in the autumn of the year 17— ventured to unite his fate with that of a lady to whom he had long been attached. They arranged to spend the remainder of the long vacation at Brighthelmstone (as it was then called), and as money is rarely a very abundant article in a young lawyer's pocket, and they were unaccompanied by servants, they prudently resolved to be content with apartments in a lodging-house, occupied, of course, by other persons. Their accommo-

dation consisted of one bedroom and sitting-room, on the principal or drawing-room floor. The *only* entrance to the bedchamber was through the sitting-room, and there was no possible means of access to the former except through the latter, and there was no door of entrance to the sitting-room but the one which opened on the general staircase. Mr. and Mrs. R—— arrived from London late in the evening; for in those days the distance from London to Brighton was indeed a day's journey. They took possession of the apartments prepared for them without inquiring, or, indeed, caring, *who* were their fellow-lodgers. Immediately after breakfast, the next morning, they set forth to enjoy the sea-breezes, and having no servant to keep guard over their *small* property, Mr. R—— locked the outer door and took the key in his pocket. Let it be remembered, these were the days when our unhappy grandmothers had daily to undergo the misery

of all the curling, frizzing, and powdering, without which no gentlewoman could present herself after the early morning hours; and so intricate was the operation, that the daily assistance of a regular hairdresser was imperatively necessary. Mrs. R—— returned, therefore, about twelve o'clock, to receive the visit of this important personage, who was in waiting, and accordingly entered the room (the door of which Mr. R—— unlocked) with themselves. Mrs. R—— retired to the bedroom to divest herself of her walking-dress, and returned prepared for the hairdresser, leaving the door of the bedchamber open. Mr. R—— seated himself with his book in such a position as to command the interior of the bedroom, and for a few minutes all was silence: at length, by accident, Mr. R—— raised his eyes from his book, and uttered an exclamation indicative of such intense astonishment as to startle Mrs. R——, and make her inquire *what was the matter*. He,

with a cool self-possession which proved he was not under the immediate influence of *imaginary terror*, replied, "Do not be alarmed, but I see a young woman standing in the doorway between the rooms;" and then he added with great kindness, "You need not fear, for she is not the least like you;" the superstition of his wife's country (Scotland) immediately occurring to his memory, that if the wraith or apparition of a living person is seen, that person is doomed to early and to speedy death. He then went on to describe minutely the features and complexion of the figure before him, and even the white drapery in which she was enveloped. Several seconds elapsed in this manner, when, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, "She is gone!" The hairdresser, who had remained an astonished spectator of this extraordinary scene,—and as yet *all* parties were more amazed than awestruck,—now ventured with Mr. and Mrs. R—— into the bedroom; but, after the most

minute search (and the room was a very small one), they could not detect the presence of any human being, or any place of concealment, or means of escape, had any *human* being been there. Whilst thus engaged, the only door of their sitting-room was thrown open suddenly and with violence, and a lady-like young woman, all pale and trembling, exclaimed, "For the love of Heaven, come with me; my sister is dying, and I have no one with me!" They flew up stairs after her, and in the room above, on a bed, and wrapt in simple white garments, lay a lovely girl, not dying, for she was dead, *the gentle spirit was flown!* May we suppose that it had lingered a moment in its upward flight, to assure the doubting mind of this otherwise amiable septic that there is a separate existence for the soul when exiled from the body? For scarcely had his *now* awestruck gaze rested upon the pallid form before him,

than he whispered to his wife, "Does anything strike you?" "Oh yes!" she replied, "this is exactly what you saw and described."

It avails not to pursue the story farther; for it is the wish of the writer merely to detail the simple facts, as she received them from the reverend friend of the excellent person to whom they occurred; nor would she, if she could, add to them by any flight of imagination. The writer never knew any of the circumstances attending the former history of the sisters; nor is she aware that the singular occurrence had any influence on the life of the judge. It is certain that he became a true believer; and though he frequently repeated this story to his dying day, the writer never heard whether he attributed any consequence to this most mysterious event. It is by no means impossible, but such an appearance, *firmly* believed in, might have opened his eyes to the abstract proposition that there is

another state of existence beyond the tomb, and the consequence of this new view of man's nature, followed up in humility, diligence, and faith, might, by the guidance of the blessed Spirit, lead on, step by step, to all the brightness of eternal truth. Nor will the writer presume to dwell upon the often-repeated objection which invariably occurs at the conclusion of the best-authenticated ghost-story. In the first place, "*cui bono?*" and if you reply, Why, to awaken an infidel from his sleep of death; the rest is (though we should be careful of setting limits to divine mercy), Why should the Almighty Father of *all* vouchsafe to *one* individual such an astonishing visitation, and deny it to thousands in the same circumstances? Particularly when we read so clearly in his holy word, how wholly inefficient such departures from the ordinary course of nature would be, were they more frequently granted. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they

be persuaded though one rose from the dead!"

All that can be said is, that our forefathers, eighty or ninety years ago, firmly believed much to be supernatural, which their more matter-of-fact descendants, though far less poetic and romantic, now attribute to *dyspepsia*, and all sorts of dull and *uninteresting* causes. But even when all the utilitarians have said their utmost, the writer cannot but subscribe to the opinion of Hamlet—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Certain it is, that, whatever impression this narrative may make upon the mind of the reader, it is far from being a solitary instance of such visitations. What should it all mean, except that there is something *really* outside of us? A life, concurrent with *our* life, which sometimes undulates into it. We could easily accumulate with a variety of such—as indeed we *have* supplied

a tolerable number—if the aggregation of proofs could be productive of any more laudable end than that of stimulating excited curiosity. Derived from the same source as the preceding story, is a circumstance, of an unexplainable kind, which happened in Berkshire, where it is generally credited, and which we shall, probably, by-and-by add. The case of Lord Lyttelton (as in another place we shall perhaps give it), of Young, of the Duke of Buckingham, and of Sir Walter Scott, who is said to have seen the figure of Lord Byron in the hall at Abbotsford, are familiar to every one interested in these subjects. We may add several more, somewhat in detail, that are not so well known, but equally well substantiated by reliable evidence.

The house of Mr. Cosnan, minister of Church Santen, was haunted by a grotesque demon, who used to scribble upon the newly-plastered walls, and play a variety of monkey-tricks. Once, at noonday, Mr. Cosnan

threw a stone across a river, and it was instantly returned by an invisible hand. This was repeated a number of times successively, and he even took the precaution of marking the stone to make sure it was the same. The circumstance made a great noise in the neighbourhood, and several of the most respectable of the farmers called to inquire about it; doubtless, also, to laugh about it, with the accustomed real or assumed incredulity. One of them made a great parade in his disbelief, and, in order to enforce his eloquence, struck the table at which they were sitting, vehemently, with his hand. To the great astonishment of the whole company, exactly as if jarred from the ceiling by the stroke, a gravelly roadside stone struck the table close at his hand. This anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Douglas, whose father had it from the mouth of Mr. Cosnan himself.

Anne Weatherley, a young married woman, was accompanying her father home

to Whitstable, in Kent, across the country, and asked him, on the way, after some hesitation, if he had not seen the figure of Death standing twice before them—once in the pathway in the field, and once at a stile which they were approaching. He tried to laugh her out of it, but she persisted in her story; she became blind almost immediately, and her father had great difficulty in getting her home. In a few days she was dead. The fact was related to Grose, the antiquary, by her mother. It is probably one of those instances that may be safely referred to optical delusion; the figure being, perhaps, produced upon the retina by the coming mists that were to drown her eyes in darkness. If the curious reader ever finds himself in the quaint, dull, seaside town of Whitstable, he will, in several places, encounter the name of Weatherley.

Colonel Guy Johnson was walking with his wife into Tinconderago, in America,

when she fancied she saw a man whom they both knew, but who was then at a distance from the place, making a coffin out of some particular sort of planks, which she described, adding that she distinctly saw her own name inscribed upon it. She repeated the same to several persons. Although then in perfect health, she died in four days; and it so happened that the man she saw, by a concurrence of circumstances, actually did make her coffin, of the kind of planks she described. Colonel Johnson, himself, is the authority for this statement.

In a western town in Ireland, a lady was ill, and her husband and daughter, leaving her one day on the sofa, went out to walk. They had not proceeded far, when they *both* saw her, in her riding habit, on her horse, at the opposite side of the street, as was her custom when she was well: they immediately returned home, but

found the invalid exactly as they left her. She did not linger long after. *This fact is authenticated by living testimony.*

A day or two before the death of Athenian Stuart, his servant, being engaged cleaning the stairs, thought she saw her master come out of his bedroom, in his nightcap, go into his study, and then run down stairs, past her, with extraordinary haste. As she had left him with Mrs. Stuart at dinner, she was so surprised, that she immediately went into the parlour, and told them what she had seen. Mrs. Stuart reproved her, and turned her out of the room. He died soon after.

A similar thing happened to Stuart himself. His son, six or seven years old, was ill in bed; and Mr. Stuart, while he was one day sitting in his study, which was an upstairs room, saw the sick child come to the table with a pencil in his hand, as he had been accustomed to do, and draw some-

thing on it. The child died ; and Mr. Stuart would never sit in that room again, but brought down all his books and papers to the parlour.

CHAPTER IV.

Omens. Historical prognostics. Charles I. Mary of Medicis. Henry IV. of France. Indian prenotements anticipating the Great Insurrection of 1857. Prophecies. Story of an English country family, Coronation of Charles I. Curious circumstances in the history of Marie-Antoinette and Marie-Louise. Château of Pau. The Stuarts. Fatalities of the House of Charlemagne. Story of Ghent. Curious account of an apparition in Hampshire. Strange story of the sights of a Shipmaster and his Crew. The authentic history of the apparition to Lady Beresford.

OMENS constitute the poetry of history. They cause the series of events which they are supposed to declare, to flow into special unity; and the political catastrophe seems to be produced, not by prudence or by folly, but by the superintending destiny. The

numerous tokens of the death of Henry IV. of France are finely tragical. Mary of Medicis, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown change into pearls, the symbol of tears and mourning. An owl hooted, until sunrise, at the window of the chamber to which the King and Queen retired, at St. Denis, on the night preceding her coronation. During the ceremony, it was observed with dread that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchre beneath the choir were gaping and expanded. The flame of the consecrated taper, held by the Queen, was suddenly extinguished, and twice her crown nearly fell to the ground. The prognostications of the misfortunes of the Stuarts have equally a character of solemn grandeur ; and we are reminded of the portents of Rome when we read how the sudden tempest rent the royal standard on the Tower of London. Charles, yielding to his destiny, was obstinate in the signs of evil death. He refused to be clad in the

garments of Edward the Confessor, in which all his predecessors had been arrayed, and he would be attired in white. Seriously and strongly did the Earl of Pembroke attempt to dissuade him; for the prophecy of the misfortunes of the *White King* had long been current. But his entreaties were in vain, and Charles was crowned invested with the raiment which indicated his misfortunes.

We adduce the following from the account of a very intelligent official, who for a long period resided in India, and who is very intimately acquainted with the people :—

“ I made the acquaintance of another personage at Delhi, for whom I entertained a very great liking and regard. This was Mirza Futteh Allee Shah Bahadoor, the heir-apparent to the throne of Delhi. He was a very amiable and intelligent prince, and had an extraordinary thirst for knowledge. Amongst other things that he was curious to learn, was the history of steam-power,

railroads, and the electric telegraph. For hours together, he would encourage me—nay, importune me—to talk with him on these matters. I may farther mention, in regard of this prince and his family, that, while I was at Delhi, the festival of the *Eed* came to pass; and that, at it, occurred an omen—accepted as such—which was variously interpreted. The King—or, in other words, the Great Mogul—sacrifices a camel. The King kills—or used to kill—the camel with his own hand, by driving a spear deep into the breast of the animal. On the occasion to which I now refer, the King, being extremely old and feeble, was assisted by two attendants; and in attempting to drive the spear home, it snapped in two halves. That was the omen. The friends of Mirza Futteh Allee Shah Bahadoor interpreted it as prognosticating the King's death, and the speedy succession of the heir-apparent to the throne. Others, however, took a more portentous view of the

meaning of the omen. These would insist that it indicated the downfall of the King, and the overturning of his throne for ever. Mirza died, about a year ago, of an attack of cholera; and it may not be premature, perhaps, to say that the throne of the Great Mogul will not in future be recognised."

There was another curious prophecy connected with the throne of Delhi, and current for many years in the Punjaub. It was implicitly believed that the Sikh soldiery would, one day or other, and before long, sack Delhi; and in 1845, when the Sikh army crossed our frontier, it was anticipated that Delhi was its destination. But the fulfilment of the prophecy was reserved to a later time. The prediction has, to a certain extent, been wonderfully verified: the Sikh soldiers have partaken of the plunder of the Mogul capital. But who could ever have dreamed that their entry into Delhi would be in company with British soldiers? It is as though—and quite as in-

credible as if—some one had predicted, in 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo and the occupation of Paris, that, in 1855, the Queen of England, a grand-daughter of George III., would be a guest, at the Tuileries, of an Emperor of the French, and a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte; and that such Queen would be led upon the arm of such Emperor—as a sort of majestic retribution—to visit the tomb of the illustrious prisoner of Saint Helena!

The following is an authenticated story:—

In the year 1857, about five weeks before the first news of the outbreak of the Sepoy atrocities reached this country, the family of the M——s, who are seated in ——shire, were, as usual, attending Sunday service in the church of their own parish. The M——s are of an ancient and honourable stock. For centuries they have been established in the grey, Gothic mansion-house, amidst the trees, on the top of the hill; and the woods around which are at a short dis-

tance from the parish church. The latter is a venerable fabric, shaded on one side by solemn yews ; and the burial-ground, on the other side, is dotted with grass-grown, rustic graves. To this family belongs the chancel of the church. They have two great, square pews in it. Something still more indicative of their ancient line, is a grand marble altar-tomb ; under and in the neighbourhood of which rest the ashes of generations of their house. The tomb is surmounted by two recumbent male and female figures. The tradition is that the gentleman fell in defence of the Royal cause at the battle of Worcester, and that his lady pined a few years, and then followed her husband to the tomb. Carved in the same material (Italian marble), by their side, was a kneeling angel, with one hand and finger pointing seemingly to heaven. The angelic form is sculptured with much grace and beauty, and not a few people visit the church, alone, to see this exquisite work of art.

But not merely for design and execution is this monument of the M——s an object of interest in the neighbourhood. It has a story. The old grey sexton will tell it you as, jingling the church-keys, he stands by its side. Before any of the family of the M——s die, the angel on the monument is seen to move, for a moment, downward its uplifted finger. If you smile at the superstition, he will give you particulars—dates: and he will declare that he, himself, on more than one occasion saw the angel's finger distinctly move, and that, when so, a death in the old gabled manor-house always followed. "The old Squire," he said — "the last afore the present one—was in the family pew, one Sunday morning, at service. He was in sound health; as well as one may, as you say, tell; when, with his own eyes, he saw the angel's finger move. He said he, himself, would never have believed it if he hadn't seen it. He told me so *himself*; for I overtook him—and it was the fine, sunshiny middle of the day—on his

way to the house, after I had locked up the church-doors. 'Barrett,' he said—and he spoke it in a serious, solemn way like—'there is one of us that has got a warning: I saw the angel's finger move while Mr. —— was preaching.'” After this, the sexton looks you curiously in the face, and, after a pause, adds,—“The summons was for the Squire. He died, rather suddenly, five weeks afterwards; and I tolled the bell for him all through a long, still, summer's afternoon.”

However, to our own account. We said that five or six weeks before the massacre of Meerut occurred, the family were, as usual, in their pew on a Sunday. It was thus that the Squire saw—or fancied he saw—as he was casually looking at it, the finger of the angel on his ancestral tomb move. He cast an alarmed glance at his wife, and he saw, by the expression of her face, that she, too, had seen this supernatural lowering of the finger. This gentleman was not supersti-

tious, and he always made light of the story; and he was, even now, willing to think that the supposition arose from a disordered state of the stomach, or from some one of the usually-ascribed natural causes. Soon after, when the psalm was given out, and while the parish-choir was singing, he could not dispossess himself of the idea that he heard something like the *call* of a distant but familiar voice, lost and dying, at last, in the solemn tune. Yet the family pew held all for whom his heart was interested. All but *one*. And from her—his daughter—absent with her husband, an officer in the army, in India, he had heard but the very day before; and then she was happy and well, and sent to those she loved at home a picture of her little girl, now two years old.

On leaving the church—for he could not well say it before—he and his wife almost simultaneously exchanged their idea about the angel's finger. They, however, agreed in thinking it a mere optical deceit, caused

by the flitting of a bird across it, or the shadow of a shaking bough in the old, sunshiny south window.

The circumstance had all but been forgotten, when they retired to rest that night. But just at the first lighting of the dawn, and in the total silence of the house and solitude of the country landscape, lit alone by a single clear star, both sleepers suddenly started up in bed with beating hearts, aroused by the call of "Father, father!" A dreadful foreboding seized upon the unhappy parents. They listened—now most painfully wide awake; and once more, but infinitely more faintly, as if at a very remote distance, they heard again the same call. Then all was silent. For a few moments they could not speak. Each feared to mention the name of that loved daughter whose so well-known voice they, both, only too truly recognised. Then Mrs. M——, in an uncontrollable burst of anguish, could

not repress the cry of " Maria, my child !
It was *her* voice ! "

Mr. M——, though his own heart mis-gave him and he felt a dreadful foreboding, tried to reassure his wife. And to comfort her, he sought to persuade that these were merely natural sounds ; but that, suddenly awakened from sleep, there was given to their dreaming thoughts a seeming external impression. But he neither quite satisfied his own mind, nor that of his lady. Some weeks afterwards the disastrous intelligence of the slaughters of Meerut and of Delhi reached them, and they learned, to their horror, that their daughter and her child were amongst the victims. It was not till after the first shock was over, that they even remembered that they must have heard the supernatural cry, which woke them up so dreadfully from sleep, as nearly as possible at the moment, itself, of the catastrophe.

We proceed with our remarkable stories.

At the coronation of Charles I. of England, it was discovered that all London would not furnish the quantity of purple velvet required for the royal robes and the furniture of the throne. What was to be done? Decorum required that the furniture should be *en suite*. Nearer than Genoa, no considerable addition could be expected. That would impose a delay of 150 days. Upon mature consideration, and chiefly of the many private interests that would suffer amongst the multitudes whom such a solemnity had called up from the country, it was resolved to robe the King in *white* velvet. But this, as it afterwards occurred, was the colour in which victims were arrayed. And thus, it was alleged, did the King's council establish an augury of evil. Three other ill omens, of some celebrity, occurred to Charles I. : viz., on occasion of creating his son Charles a Knight of [the Bath ; at Oxford, some years after ; and at the bar

of that tribunal which sat in judgment upon him.

The reign of his second son, James II., the next reign that could be considered an unfortunate reign, was inaugurated by evil omens. They are thus reported by Blennerhassett ("History of England to the End of George I.," vol. iv., p. 760; printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1751): — "The crown, being too little for the King's head, was often in a tottering condition, and like to fall off." Even this was observed attentively by spectators of the most opposite feelings. But there was another simultaneous omen which affected the Protestant enthusiasts and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly:—"The same day—that of the coronation—the King's arms, pompously painted in the great altar-window of a London church, suddenly fell down, without apparent cause, and broke to pieces, whilst the

rest of the window remained standing." Blennerhassett mutters the dark terrors which possessed himself and others. "These," says he, "were reckoned ill omens to the King."

Everybody knows the fatal pollution of the marriage pomps on the reception of Marie-Antoinette in Paris; the numbers who perished are still spoken of obscurely as to the amount, and with shuddering awe for the unparalleled horrors standing in the background of the fatal reign. But in the *Life of Goethe* is mentioned a still more portentous (though more shadowy) omen in the pictorial decorations of the arras which adorned the pavilion on the French frontier: the first objects which met the Austrian Archduchess, on being hailed as Dauphiness, was a succession of the most tragic groups from the most awful section of the Grecian theatre. The next alliance of the same kind between the same great empires, in the persons of Napoleon and the

Archduchess Marie-Louise, was overshadowed (or, rather, lighted up—for it was Fire) by the same unhappy omens, and, as we all remember, with the same unhappy results within a brief period of five years.

The death of Henry IV. of France, in Paris, was indicated, on the day it occurred, to the people of his own native Béarn. A curious tradition insists that the arms of the King, which were carved over the gates of his Château of Pau, with his royal cipher on either hand, fell, as nearly as possible, at the moment of his death, to the ground, with a noise like thunder, and were broken in pieces. The news afterwards confirmed the simultaneity of the assassination and of the crash of the heraldic stones; although the intelligence, in regular course, took four days to arrive.

In our own country, the Stuarts may be described in a single word, and to an extent

very little thought upon, as a fated family. It is only necessary to recal the end of each member of this royal but most unfortunate house. Robert III., 1390, son of Robert Stuart, was weak in intellect and deficient in courage. Robert's second son, James, was detained, for nineteen years, a prisoner in England; his father's dominions were subject to repeated commotions, and his eldest brother was assassinated at the command of the Duke of Albany. Robert, soon after, died oppressed with age and misfortunes. James I. of Scotland, 1423, was assassinated, by some of his nobility, at a monastery near Perth, at which he had taken refuge. James II., 1437, at the early age of thirty, was killed by the splinter of a cannon-ball. James III., 1460, met his exasperated nobles in battle; his army was routed, and himself slain. James IV., 1488, was generous, accomplished, and brave. He lost the battle of Flodden Field against the English; he himself, with

thirty noblemen of the highest rank, and an infinite number of barons, fell in the contest; and he left an infant, of a year old, to wield the Scottish sceptre. James V., 1513, after a turbulent and unfortunate reign, died of grief. The fate of Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of the last unfortunate monarch, is well known. James, her son, the sixth King James of Scotland and first of England, died, not without, at the time, suspicion of poison. The name of Charles I. of England remains, to this day, as the memorial of an unfortunate king. His son, Charles, led, for the greater part of his time, a distracted, shifting, and unfortunate life, and left no child to succeed to his kingdom. The name of the Second James was ominous of Popery, of evil, and of deposition. And the misfortunes of the Pretenders, as they are called, and the extinction of the royal house of Stuart, after centuries of calamity, are matters of history. Fate seems to have

pursued them with an unrelenting succession of disasters.

Seeming of a like fatality were the afflictions of the house of Charlemagne, and of a kindred gloom were their ends. The posterity of Charlemagne failed, in Italy and Germany, at the third generation; and of his descendants who reigned in France, not one died a natural death. It is strange that this observation has not occurred to any one historian! Anguish and bodily decay put an end to the calamitous and unfortunate life of Louis the Goodnatured, in an obscure islet in the Rhine. Charles the Bald was poisoned by a Jew, his physician, and expired in a hut at the foot of Mount Cenis. All his children by his second wife died prematurely. His children by his first wife were Louis, Charles, Lothaire, Carloman, and Judith. Carloman's eyes were put out. Louis, who succeeded him, was, like his father, poisoned. Charles, returning from a hunting-match, in sport tried to

frighten a nobleman, who, not discovering the jester in the prince, struck him several blows on the head, of which he died. Judith eloped. Louis III., in pursuit of a woman at Tours, attempting to force the charger on which he was mounted through a low archway, struck his head against the top of it, and died in consequence. His brother Carloman received, while hunting, an accidental wound from one of his retinue, of which he died within a week. Charles the Fat brought himself into such contempt, that he was deposed, and, from ruling so many millions of men, had not so much as a single servant to attend him. Historians say that he sent to the Archbishop of Mentz for bread. Within a few months, he was privately strangled. Charles the Simple, by the treachery of a nobleman, falling into the hands of his enemies, died, in prison, of grief. Louis IV. lost his life by a fall from his horse, whilst he was hunting

wolves. Lothaire and his son, Louis V., the two last kings of the line of Charles the Great, after lives of torment, caused by the profligacy and guilt of their wives, were, at last, severally poisoned by them. And Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the brother of Lothaire, and the last male descendant of Charlemagne, died in prison, at Orleans, in the year 993.

In the *Gazette Littéraire* of Berlin, of January, 1769, we find the following extraordinary story exceedingly well attested; and as such we give it. In confirmation of the singular circumstance, we may say that there is, upon a little bridge near the Fish Market in the town of Ghent, two statues in bronze, where one is represented in the very act of cutting off the head of the other. The same story is perpetuated in a picture still preserved in the *Hôtel de Ville* of Ghent.

“A father and son, of the town of Gand, were accused of having murdered the clergy-

man of their parish-church, and of stealing from it the plate, which was of considerable value. For this supposed crime, they were hastily tried, and condemned to lose their heads on a certain fixed day. It happened, however, that on this certain day the executioner of the town was too ill to attend his duty; and as the sentence, by a technical law of the place, could not be deferred to another day, the magistrates offered the life of one to become the executioner of the other. The father rejected the proposal with horror; but the son, only after slight hesitation, acquiesced. The father was accordingly led out to execution, but did not know by whose hands he was to suffer, till he saw his son, armed with the naked executioner's sword, on the scaffold. He then embraced him, and poured out affliction like a flood. 'It is not,' said he, 'the fear of death; but the unnatural hand by which I am to die is what afflicts me! Being innocent of the crime laid to my

charge, I have more to hope than fear.' He then took a tender farewell of his son, and laid his head on the billet to submit to the fatal blow. To the astonishment of all present, just as the son held suspended over the head of his father the great gleaming headsman's sword, and when as in the act to fall, it, of itself, snapped in halves. It was considered a circumstance so wonderful, that the multitude, with one voice, clamoured for *grace* (pardon), and the civil magistrates conducted the father and son to their former confinement, and informed the prince with what had happened upon the scaffold ; who, in consequence thereof, pardoned them both. . Soon after this, a criminal was executed who confessed to being the real murderer of the *curé* and the plunderer of the church."

The following is a curious account of an apparition. It is contained in an authentic letter from Mr. Casswell, the mathematician,

to the learned Dr. Bentley, then living in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet.

“ December 15th.

“ SIR,—When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said ; but a cold and lameness seized me next day. The cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking ; so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D— ; though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage. However, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts ; and if I had an opportunity to show it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant.

“ I have sent you, inclosed, a strange relation of an apparition. The story, however unaccountable it may seem, I had from two persons, who each had it from the principal. And yet their accounts somewhat varied, and, passing through more mouths, have varied much more. Therefore I got a friend to bring me to the principal persons, at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the

author's own mouth, after which I read it to him and gave him another copy. He said he could swear to the truth of it as far as he is concerned. He is the Curate of Warblington, Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, in Oxford, and of about six years' standing in the University. I hear no ill report of his behaviour here. He is now gone to his curacy. He has promised to send me up the hands of the tenant and his man, and of the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. The tenant is a smith by trade.

“ Mr. Brereton, the Rector, would have nothing said of the story, for he declares he can get no tenant to take the house, though he has offered it for ten pounds a year less rent. Mr. P——, the former incumbent, whom the apparition is said to have resembled, was a man of very ill report. He is even supposed to have had children of his maid, and to have disposed of them by foul means. But I advised the Curate to say nothing, himself, of this last part of the history of P——, but leave such statements to the parishioners who knew him. Those who knew this P—— said he had exactly

such a gown, and that it was his habit to whistle.

“ Yours, J. CASSWELL.”

NARRATIVE.

At Warblington, near the town of Havant, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the Parsonage House, dwelt Thomas Pearce, a man to whom, after the decease of the incumbent, it was let; with his wife and a child, a man-servant, Thomas —, and a maid-servant.

About the beginning of August, Anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed except the maid-servant with the child; the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire previous to, also, going to bed, took a candlestick in one hand and the child in the other arm, and, turning about to go up stairs, she saw a figure in a black gown, walking through the room, and thence, through the door, into the orchard. Upon this, the maid, struck with astonishment,

and not knowing exactly what she saw, hastening towards the stairs, only made but two steps and gave a loud involuntary cry, on which the master and mistress of the house, thinking something had happened, ran, half undressed, downstairs, and found the maid in a great state of agitation, with the candle in one hand, and the child, grasped about its neck, with the other arm. She told them the reason of their crying out. She would not tarry even that night in the house, but she went to another belonging to one Henry Salter, a farmer, and there she continued crying out all the night from the terror she was in ; and she could not be persuaded to go any more into the house, notwithstanding all that they said to quiet her and to induce her to do it.

On the morrow (*i. e.*, Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to my lodging, then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have a consultation with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a flam, and that

they had a mind to do some spite to Mr. Brereton, the Rector, whose house it was. She seemed much hurt at this, and desired me, myself, to come to the house. I told her I *would* come to the house, and sit up or lie there, as she pleased ; for that, as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions, I was an infidel. I consequently went to the house, and sat up this Tuesday night with the tenant and his man. Between twelve and one o'clock on this night, I searched all the rooms in the house, to see if anybody was hid there with the object of imposing upon me. At last we came into a lumber-room : there I, smiling, told Thomas Pearce, that was with me, that I would call the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come. Mr. Pearce then grew frightened ; but I told him I would warrant him from any harm. And then I repeated, "*Barbura celarent Darii,*" &c., meaning it to seem as an invocation. On this I saw the tenant's countenance change, so that he

seemed ready to drop down with fear. Then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated "Baraliptous," &c. Then he recovered his courage mightily well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen where we were sitting before, and we remained there the rest of the night, sometimes sleeping and sometimes waking, and had no manner of disturbance. Then the morning came, and the birds began to twitter cheerfully out in the orchard and in the pleasant fields.

Then again: — Thursday night, Mr. Thomas Pearce, the tenant, and I had our beds together in one room, and the man in another. But now he said he saw something walk along, in a black gown, and place itself before a window; and there it stood for some time, and then left the window clear. On Friday morning the man related this. I asked him why he did not call out, and told him I thought it was a trick or flam. He told me the reason he did not call me

was that the whole thing was so sudden—or seemed so to him—that he was neither able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.

Sunday night I lay by myself in one room—not that where the man saw that which he said. The tenant and his man slept in another room. And between twelve and two the man heard something walk in the room at the bed's feet, and whistling very well. At last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and, at length, reclosed the curtain. After some time it was heard to move off. Then the man called several times to me and desired me to come, for that there was something in the room went about whistling. I called out to know if he had any light, or could strike one. He told me no. Then I leapt out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room, and along a gallery to the door. I went in three or four steps ;

and, as it was a moonlight night, I saw something move from the bedside and place itself against the wall. I went and stood directly opposite it, within about my arm's length of it, and I asked it, in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing a Christian house? I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room on purpose to frighten me, I put out my arm to seize hold of it; and my hand went seemingly through the substance of it, and felt no manner of thing to stay it till it came to the wall. Then I drew back my hand, feeling as if my sense of touch must have left me; and still the figure was in the same place. Till now I had felt no manner of fear, and even now had not at all the sort of fear which one might suppose. Then I adjured it to tell me what it was. When I had said these words, the figure, without the least sound, moved gently and evenly along towards the door. I followed it; and

then, in going out of the door, it turned its back towards me. I went a little way into the gallery after it, and then it all at once disappeared where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery where was the stairs. Then I felt myself exceeding cold from my feet as high as my breast; though I was not in such very great fear! For the whole thing seemed as if it was possible, until I came to think about it. I then went back to the tenant and his man, and they both said that they saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words. They also said, now, that I was very cold.

The strange figure which I saw seemed to have on a morning-gown of a dark, uncertain colour; no hat, nor cap: and it seemed to have short black hair, a thin, meagre visage of a pale or swarthy colour. It would seem to me to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half closed,

the arms hanging down, and the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Larner, Rector of Havant parish. Both Mr. Larner and Mr. Brereton, the Rector of Warblington, said that the description agreed very well to that of Mr. P——, a former rector of the place, who has been dead above twenty years. Upon this, the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained empty ever since.

The Monday after last Michaelmas Day, a man of Chodson, in Warwickshire, having been at Havant Fair, passed by the afore-said parsonage-house between nine and ten at night, and saw a light in most rooms of the house.

THOMAS WILKINS,

Curate of Warblington,

near Havant, in Hampshire.

December 11: Oxon.

No circumstances connected with supernatural appearances have occasioned more altercation and controversy than the under-mentioned. The narrative, certainly, has an air of overstrained credulity. Nevertheless the affair is curious, and the coincidence very remarkable; especially as it was a *salvo* for Captain Barnaby. The former part of this narrative is transcribed from Captain Spinks's journal or log-book, and the latter from the King's Bench Records for the time being.

“Tuesday, May the 12th.—This day, the wind S.S.W. And a little before four in the afternoon we anchored in Manser Road, where lay Captains Bristow, Brian, and Barnaby; all of them bound to Lucera to load.

“Wednesday, May the 13th.—We weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of Captain Barnaby. And about two o'clock, we sailed, all of us, for the Island of Lucera. Wind W.S.W., and very bad weather.

“ Thursday, the 14th, about two o'clock, we saw the island: and all came to an anchor in twelve-fathom water, the wind W.S.W.

“ And on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner:—Captains Bristow, Brian, and Barnaby went on shore shooting *colues* (curlews), on Stromboli. When we had done, we called our men together; and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we saw two men run by us with amazing swiftness. Captain Barnaby cried out, ‘ Lord bless me! the foremost man looks like my next-door neighbour, old Booty.’ But he said he did not know the other that was behind. Booty was dressed in grey clothes, and the one behind in black. We saw them run into the burning mountain in the midst of the flames: on which we heard a terrible noise, too horrible to be described. Captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket.

books, and enter it in our journals; which we accordingly did.

“ When we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend on the 6th of October, 1687. Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian came to congratulate us on our safe arrival; and, after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife said ‘ My dear, I have got some news to tell you. Old Booty is dead.’ Whereupon he swore, as was his custom when excited, and he said, ‘ We all saw him run into hell!’ Some time afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen concerning Mr. Booty. It at last came to Mrs. Booty's ears, and she commenced an action against Captain Barnaby for defamation of character, and arrested him in the claim of 1,000*l.* damages. He gave bail, and the case came to trial in the Court of King's Bench, where Mr. Booty's clothes were brought into court. The sexton of the parish, and the people that

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The above Holloway is named, in the History of England, as one of the Judges who, in the time of James II., tried the Seven Bishops committed to the Tower on the charge of High Treason. It may be incidentally mentioned that the foregoing story, under various forms, has been long current amongst certain classes in England. The transcriber of it—in the present instance—remembers that, in his tenth year, he heard it related, one Sunday evening, as an instance of the supernatural; and that, as was likely, it produced an impression, the remembrance of which, when the story was encountered years afterwards, was still retained. But, on this old occasion, the narrative took the more ordinary and more popular—or, at least, vulgar—form of the baker who, for selling short weight, was seen to be pursued into Vesuvius by the figure of Satan. Undoubtedly, however—in the full force of the evidence of those little particulars, as also vouched in the candour and in the weight of the attes-

tations—the above is the true version of the story. We do not readily find Judges of the Queen's Bench lending their hands to that which they are not pretty well assured has something of meaning. How it happens that the name of a king—James II. — heads the signatures, we do not know.

Lord Tyrone and Miss —— were born in Ireland, and were left orphans in their infancy to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of Deism.

Their guardian dying when they were each of them about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. Though separated from each other, their friendship was unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years elapsed, and when both were grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other that whichever

should die first, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved by the Supreme Being. Miss —— was shortly after addressed by Sir Martin Beresford, to whom she was afterwards married; but a change of condition had no power to alter their friendship. The families visited each other, and often spent some weeks together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Martin remarked that when his lady came down to breakfast, her countenance was disturbed, and enquired of her health. She assured him that she was quite well. He then asked her if she had hurt her wrist:—"Have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribbon round it. She answered in the negative, and added, "Let me conjure you, Sir Martin, never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know, I would not for a moment conceal it; I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I en-

treat you to forgive me the refusal, and never to urge me farther on the subject." "Very well," said he, smiling, "since you beg me so earnestly, I will enquire no more." The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarce over, when Lady Beresford eagerly inquired if the post had come in: she was told it had not. In a few minutes she rang again and repeated the enquiry. She was again answered as before. "Do you expect letters?" said Sir Martin, "that you are so anxious for the arrival of the post?" "I do," she answered; "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; he died last Tuesday at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir Martin, "believed you superstitious; some idle dream has surely thus alarmed you." At that instant the servant entered and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford; "Lord Tyrone is dead." Sir Martin opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence

of his master's death, and on the very day and hour Lady Beresford had before specified. Sir Martin begged Lady Beresford to compose herself, and she assured him she felt much easier than she had done for a long time; and added, "I can communicate intelligence to you which I know will prove welcome: I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I shall in some months present you with a son." Sir Martin received this news with the greatest joy. After some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son (she had before been the mother of two daughters). Sir Martin survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his widow seldom left home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village; with them she frequently passed a few hours every day; the rest of her time was spent in solitude, and she appeared determined for ever to avoid all other society. The clergyman's family

consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at the time of Sir Martin's death, was quite a youth : to this son, however, she was after a few years married, notwithstanding the disparity of years and the manifest imprudence of a connection so unequal in every point of view. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, while at the same time his conduct evinced him to be the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. By this, her second husband, she had two daughters ; after which, such was the baseness of his conduct, that she insisted on a separation. They parted for a few years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former conduct, that, won over by his supplications, promises, and entreaties, she was induced to pardon, and once more to reside with him, and was in time the mother of a son.

The day on which she had lain in a

month being the anniversary of her birthday, she sent for Lady Betty Cobb (of whose friendship she had long been possessed) and a few other friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About seven, the clergyman by whom she had been christened, and with whom she had all her life been intimate, came into the room to enquire after her health. She told him she was perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with them; "for," said she, "this is my birthday: I am forty-eight to-day." "No, madam," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken; your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at last discovered that I was right. I happened to go last week into the parish where you were born; I was resolved to put an end to the dispute; I searched the register, and find that you are but forty-seven this day." "You have signed my death-warrant!" she exclaimed; "I have, then, but a few

hours to live. I must, therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die." When the clergyman left her, Lady Beresford sent to forbid the company coming, and at the same time to request Lady Betty Cobb and her son (of whom Sir Martin was the father, and who was then about twenty-two years of age) to come to her apartment immediately.

Upon their arrival, having ordered the attendants to quit the room, "I have something," she said, "of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die; an event which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, and in the same principles of Deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavoured to persuade us to embrace revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to con-

vince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God: accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin: 'For Heaven's sake,' I exclaimed, 'Lord Tyrone, by what means, or for what reason, came you hither at this time of night?' 'Have you, then, forgotten our promise?' said he. 'I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will soon pro-

duce a son, which, it is decreed, will marry my daughter ; not many years after his birth Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable : you will have two daughters, and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.' 'Just Heavens !' I exclaimed, 'and cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly you may,' returned the spectre ; 'you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage : but your passions are strong, you know not their power ; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal ; but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' 'May I not ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise,' he replied, 'I should not have been permitted to appear to you.' 'I may, then, infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,'

said I, 'when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?' 'Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?' 'No,' I returned: 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality.' 'You shall,' said he, and, waving his hand, the bed-curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. 'In that,' said he, 'you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this.' 'True,' said I; 'but, sleeping, we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake: though, waking, I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt.' 'Here is a pocket-book; in this,' said he, 'I will write my name: you know my hand-writing.' I replied, 'Yes.' He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. 'Still,' said I,

'in the morning I may doubt; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' 'You are hard of belief,' said he: 'it would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not,' said I, 'regard a slight blemish.' 'You are a woman of courage,' replied he; 'hold out your hand.' I did: he struck my wrist; his hand was cold as marble: in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it is sacrilege.' He stopped; I turned to him again; he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror; the very bed moved under me. I endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Martin: all my attempts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and terror I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morn-

ing, Sir Martin arose and dressed himself, as usual, without perceiving the state the curtains remained in.

“When I awoke, I found Sir Martin gone down. I arose, and, having put on my clothes, went to the gallery adjoining the apartment, and took from thence a long broom (such as cornices are swept with): by the help of this, I took down, with some difficulty, the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took up my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black silk round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it, and asked the cause. I informed him Lord Tyrone was no more; that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday, and desired him never to question me more respecting the black ribbon; which he kindly desisted from

doing. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterwards brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your lamented father expired in my arms.

“After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable chance to avoid the sequel of the prediction, for ever to abandon all society; to give up every pleasure resulting from it, and to pass the rest of my days in solitude and retirement. But few can long endure to exist in a state of perfect sequestration. I began an intimacy with a family, with one alone; nor could I, then, foresee the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I think their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would be the person destined by fate to prove my destruction. In a very few years I ceased to regard him with indifference. I endeavoured, by every possible way, to conquer a passion the fatal effects of which I too well knew. I had fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when the even-

ing of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me, in a moment, down that abyss I had so long been meditating how to shun. He had often solicited his parents for leave to go into the Army, and at last obtained permission, and came to bid me adieu before his departure. The instant he entered the room, he fell upon his knees at my feet, told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment my fortitude forsook me; I gave myself up for lost, and, regarding my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to a union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years, amply justified a separation; and I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy. But, won over by his reiterated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and, once more, reside with him; though not till after I had, as I thought, passed my forty-seventh year.

“But, alas! I have this day heard, from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age, and that I am but forty-seven to-day. Of the near approach of my death, I therefore entertain not the slightest doubt.

“When I am dead, as the necessity of concealment closes with my life, I could wish that you, Lady Betty, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribbon, and let my son with yourself behold it.” Lady Beresford here paused for some time; but, resuming the conversation, she entreated her son would behave himself so as to merit the high honour he would in future receive from a union with the daughter of Lord Tyrone.

Lady Beresford then expressed a wish to lie down on the bed, and endeavour to compose herself to sleep. Lady Betty Cobb and her son immediately called her domestics, and quitted the room; having first desired them to watch their mistress

attentively, and, if they observed the smallest change in her, to call instantly.

An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the door, and everything remained still; but, in half an hour more, a bell rang violently. They flew to her apartment; but, before they reached the door, they heard the servant exclaim, "Oh, she is dead!" Lady Betty then bade the servants, for a few minutes, to quit the room, and herself, with Lady Beresford's son, approached the bed of his mother. They knelt down by the side of it. Lady Betty then lifted up her hand and untied the ribbon. The wrist was found exactly as Lady Beresford had described it—every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, is since married to Lord Tyrone's daughter. The black ribbon and pocket-book were formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, Marlborough Buildings,

Bath, who, during her long life, was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration ; as are, to the present hour, the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.

CHAPTER V.

Wild Story of a Scottish Glen.

WHAT it was that made Gregor Macalpine, a young gentleman of Angusshire, leave Scotland, suddenly, in early youth, never was clearly known to his friends, nor even to a soft, sensible, blooming girl to whom he was understood to have been affianced, by consent of his father, given on the old gentleman's deathbed. But Katherine Innis, when she grew to full womanhood, waited patiently, though pensively, for Gregor's return, and kept herself unusually apart from all male society ; very much, as was believed, on his account. At length he did return, and with a considerable fortune ; intending to marry his Katherine as soon he could complete

certain preliminary arrangements. On setting foot in Scotland, he found that his betrothed, as well as his remaining relations, now resided in a part of the country where he had never been; and meeting, in his hotel in Perth, with an old friend from their neighbourhood, the pair agreed to journey together to Cairndale House, where Gregor's uncle and sister lived, and where he learned that Katherine, at that very time, awaited his arrival.

Nothing could be more fortunate than the circumstances under which Gregor Macalpine was returning to his native country, and the two friends quitted the pleasant town of Perth, in the highest spirits, on a fine morning in August, leaving the old palace of Scone to the right, and intending, although their destination was to a considerable distance, to complete their journey before nightfall. A liberal allowance to the postilions enabled them to push on, at a sweeping pace, through the rich undulations

of Perthshire ; and the rapidity of their motions enhanced the pleasure of the trip, and sustained the animated flow of conversation. As evening advanced, however, when the travellers had left the Firth of Tay far behind them, fatigue began to creep over their spirits ; and the usual reaction which follows excitement was more particularly manifested in Macalpine.

They arrived, in due time, at a Highland hamlet, only a few miles distant from the house to which they journeyed ; and the road, from this point, being in bad repair as well as hilly, they were obliged to abandon their vehicle, and proceed, for the rest of the way, by a by-path, on such horses as they could be furnished with. The autumnal day was far spent. The air assumed a heavy, misty appearance, as the sun dipped, red and large, towards the western horizon. And the evening began to gather in cloudy and dull, and altogether in depressing contrast with the morning.

“This seems a long ride, Macalpine, as we draw near its close,” said Allan Mackenzie to his friend, after a prolonged silence.

“Somewhat tedious, I confess; and fatiguing, too, after the limited exercise of a ship’s deck,” replied Gregor with an expression almost of melancholy. “I hardly know what is the matter with me this evening; but I cannot help thinking that our road is strangely—chillingly desolate.”

“This part of the country is indeed lonely—and very wild,” said Mackenzie. “But we are on a moorland road, which will become more pleasing when we get past the shelving neighbourhood of the Dropping Glen.”

“The Dropping Glen!” repeated Gregor; “what is that?”

“I never was within half a mile’s distance of it, often as I have heard it spoken of,” said the other; “and it is very romantic, I dare say. Only no one will go near it that can avoid doing so.”

“I should like much to see it,” said Gregor.

The other did not reply, and they again proceeded in silence.

“We must not be so stupid, Gregor, when we get to Cairndale,” said Mackenzie, breaking silence. “If I thought you would not lose your way, I would ride up the avenue to a place, near here, which they call Benstrath, and bring Cochrane, its owner, down to meet you at the dale. He is excellent company, and will be delighted to hear of a new neighbour in this secluded country.”

“I shall be most happy to meet any friend of yours, Mackenzie. And as to my losing my way, there is no fear of that, if you will tell me what quarter of the heavens to steer for.”

“Nay, be not so confident. But, indeed, in this case you have only to keep to the left until you get to the end of this copsewood-bank; then you will see the path through.

the pastures to the right, which will soon bring you to the hard turnpike-road, already visible, on the rising ground, in the distance."

"I see it perfectly," answered Macalpine. "I shall ride on slowly; and you and your friend will overtake me before I reach Cairndale House."

"Very good," replied Mackenzie. And off he started, while Gregor leisurely pursued the track alone.

The young Highlander unconsciously fell into a train of thought which abstracted him from all external impressions. At length, looking up and around, he perceived that he had gone astray. And when he endeavoured to regain his route, he found that he had deviated into a sort of wild pasture-land, from which no trace could be descried of the line which had been pointed out to him.

Advancing a little farther, and looking around for the lost road, his eye fell upon an object that struck him, at once, with a

singularly oppressive sensation, unaccountable to him at the moment. The feeling could not have been excited by the object itself, for that was merely part of the grey rocks of the picturesque chasm called the Dropping Glen, towards which he had unconsciously wandered. At sea, on his passage home, he had been visited by a strange *dream*, that, from the superstition natural to a mountaineer, had powerfully impressed and haunted his imagination; and which, astonished as he was now to find, seemed to have vividly represented, with peculiarly horrible associations, this very glen on which he had, thus, involuntarily stumbled on his first visit to the district where it was situated.

“Ridiculous!” he ejaculated, after the first shock of the suddenly-revived recollection.—“Do I tremble at a dream? The resemblance is the work of the arch-limner Fancy, and, could I but obtain a closer glance, the illusion would vanish. He clapped spurs to his horse, determined to press

to the central point, whence a thorough view of the glen could be obtained. By this time the sun had quite disappeared, and the vesper-glow, that continued to linger, in comparative brilliancy, on the plains and the surrounding heights, was almost lost in the black, overshadowed ravine: and even the partial distinctness which it gave to the lighter-coloured objects, shooting up from beneath or projecting from the hollows in the darkening distance, made them assume a grotesque, and, to a heated imagination, a terrifying aspect. As the glen, while Gregor advanced to the edge of the chasm, expanded to his eye, even the animal on which he rode seemed filled with dread, and refused to obey the spur. And, indeed, the rider himself recoiled, unconsciously, from the adventure. Still, however, he was determined on braving his dreary terrors, and on obtaining a distinct sight of the spot which had so strongly impressed him. He forced the horse forward until he had

nearly passed a rocky eminence, covered with brushwood, and overhanging the wild and deep recess at the gorge of the glen. A few steps further would afford a view of the whole, down to where the ravine opened upon the lower woodlands. The steep on the opposite side now frowned overhead, and, with some difficulty, he urged forward his horse, which seemed to possess the faculty attributed in ghost-stories to irrational creatures—of being cognisant of superhuman presences invisible to man. The absolute solitude of the gloomy hollow had something in it strangely impressive to one who, though mountain-born, had never pierced so far into the Highlands before; and the profound stillness was almost painful in a spot invested, by Macalpine's imagination, with so much mystery. No stream brawled in the precipitous depth, nor tumbled down the dusky sides of the steep: but a *tapping*, dropping sound reiterated faintly on the ear in the distance, reminding the

listener of the ticking of the ominous death-watch.

Another glance, as Gregor pressed his horse to the lip of the cliff, served to discover that which in particular had struck him with nameless dread, and the sight of which awakened the original sensations of his dream with a power uncontrollable by any effort of resolution. On reaching a spot commanding all the glen, whence he could measure the precipice downward to the dismal chasm, his eyes were rivetted by a gigantic, headlike shape of rock, of a spectral white, bristling above with matted and pendant foliage. Emerging from the contrasting darkness of the most savage recess of the ravine, it presented to his mind a striking resemblance to a ghastly human face, apparently gazing on him *as it had done in his vision*. Gregor and his horse shrank back at the sight, as if in the sympathy of mutual fear; and the rider, with a shiver, not the less chilling that it was

attended by a blush of shame, averted his look, and peered into the darkness beneath the precipice.

Blended with his superstitious feelings, there mingled a kind of personal apprehension, such as had been engendered by his dream. Why was he there? By what extraordinary succession of circumstances had he been driven to that ominous spot? It might be nothing more than fancy; nay, it *could* be nothing more than fancy.—He would subdue his boyish apprehensions by a steady glance at the face of the White Rock. A swimming in his head, and a ringing in his ears, followed this resolve. He even thought he heard a voice, or voices, whispering from the shadowy hollow, as if the spirits of the glen, or the genii which had wiled him thither, were warning him from the awful solitudes of that desert place, and, in the solitude of twilight, foretelling some unspeakable calamity. Overcome, in spite of himself, he delivered himself up to the

instinct of his dumb companion ; which, wheeling tremblingly round, galloped, at full speed, from the Dropping Glen.

The terror into which he had been thus unaccountably thrown so confused his intellect, that he had ridden several miles over the irregular Highland district, ere he was so far collected as to think of anything but his flight from the horrid glen. The evident fatigue and distressed breathing of his spent horse first recalled his thoughts, and he began to look for the bearing of his route. But the grey obscurity of the autumnal night had thickened around him, and, although the instructions of his friend had been plain and explicit, every object was so changed by the levelling cloud which shrouded the landscape, that he found himself altogether bewildered, and uncertain what course to take.

His situation was exceedingly embarrassing. He turned in every direction, but could perceive no road-mark, nor any house at which

he might make the necessary enquiries ; and, as the place was evidently very little frequented, there was scarcely a chance of a passenger at so late an hour. After some moments spent in uneasy deliberation, he determined to follow the track on which he found himself, and trust to chance for the rest.

On he went for a considerable time ; but still no house or human creature greeted him, and the night becoming unusually dark for the season of the year, his perplexity rather increased than diminished.

The imperfect Highland fence that had skirted the road, now melted away into the outspreading brushwood, scattered, in patches, over the solitude ; and he found his horse's feet again imprinting the soft sod. He knew that he was, in fact, pursuing no road whatever, but wandering at random ; yet still he took courage and went forward, for he thought he could recognise a few of the guiding objects that had been pointed out to

him ; and the shapes of certain clump-masses and old trees seemed to indicate that less sterile country where lay the mansion for which he was anxiously seeking.

Standing erect in his stirrups, he believed he discerned the sweep of the turnpike-road about a gunshot ahead ; and, cheered by the discovery, he applied the spurs vigorously : but the horse, instead of going forward, began to rear and tremble, as when on the verge of the cliff. While contending with the animal, he thought he heard a foot pattering on the sod behind ; but it was now so dark that he could distinguish no one. "I am right," said he. "I am again near the trodden track. There it lies below me in the hollow. Get on, poor jade ; I promise you a good supper and a warm stable to-night." He again applied the spurs stoutly ; but the animal still refused to proceed, and it was by main force that he urged it on a few steps, when a startling voice in his rear called out—

“Hilloa, friend! where are you bound for?”

“I am for the adjoining road, and I have no time to parley.” He gave his shivering steed another sharp remembrancer.

“For God’s sake, stop! if you are not mad, and want to break your neck in the Dropping Glen:—you are riding directly into it.”

“What can this mean?” exclaimed Macalpine, as he fixed an eager and alarmed glance upon what he had believed to be the road.—The profile of the spectral face of the White Rock was dimly discernible.

“You’ll have lost your way, sir?” said the man at his side, laying his hand on the horse’s bridle.

“I have indeed, friend,” said Macalpine, scarcely able to speak, for the big drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, as he turned from the appalling object, and thought of his hairbreadth escape. I have been roaming about the neighbourhood these two

hours, without being able to escape from this hateful glen."

"Where want you to go, sir?"

"To Cairndale House. Can you lead me thither?"

"That I can. But you are two miles from it here, and it is late, and"—

"But I have money in my pocket, and you shall be well rewarded if you will only take me there. I thought I had, myself, known the way; but the sight of this"—

"It's an ugly place, to be sure, as there is in all Auchterarder: and it's odd your honour could get into such a lonesome track. I am only here to-night, myself, by accident."

"Lead on—lead on," said Macalpine, impatient of the Lowlander's talk. And away they went together in a direction quite contrary to that in which the returning exile had been benighted.

One of the most pleasing subjects of contemplation to him who is far from his native and, is the meeting with friends on his

return. And often and often had Macalpine, longing, in his business-engrossments, for the sights of his country, pictured to himself the home-scene as he wished and expected it to be. Home! what a word is that! But how different was the reality to the returning exile! Sick and exhausted—ill at heart, and feeling ill in health—with pallid features and a joyless smile, he entered the house which contained his betrothed, and gazed around with an expression that awakened the curiosity and alarm of the inmates.

Katherine looked affectionately, yet scrutinisingly, in his face—repeated unconsciously, in absence of mind, his answers to her questions, and seemed to wonder at the strangeness of his manner. Her mother shook her head as he related the adventure of the Dropping Glen. At length, the gentlemen returned from seeking him, congratulated him heartily on his safe arrival, late as it was, and laughed at the idea of his

going astray on the second night after setting foot again in Scotland. By degrees cheerfulness and enjoyment were again restored, and a happy hour was spent before the party retired to rest.

Gregor's adventure was soon consigned to forgetfulness amid engagements of pleasure and the various important affairs preparatory to the marriage. Whenever he did think of the occurrence, in riding in the neighbourhood of that dreary section of the country which girdled the Glen, it was only as one of those fugitive impressions that flit across the minds of men with no more permanent effect than the breeze over the water. Finding, however, greater delay in the matters which stood in the way of his marriage than he had anticipated, he became gradually nervous and impatient. And strange fancies would often intrude upon him, with a misgiving, or presentiment, that some unlooked-for ill would occur, and that this long-contemplated match, with its pro-

misad happiness, was, after all, destined never to take place.

At last the leading preliminaries, about which he was most solicitous, were, in a great measure, settled; and in the course of another month he expected to be finally united to his beloved. He continued to reside at Cairndale, the house of his uncle, an infirm and hypochondriacal old man. One morning, while some strangers were on a visit at the house, Macalpine joined the breakfast-table, exhibiting so much embarrassment and thoughtfulness in his manner, that his friends immediately observed the change, and his sister, in particular, began to rally him on the subject. This drew more strongly the attention of the rest; and as he did not attempt to conceal the disturbed state of his mind, all present insisted on his disclosing the cause. Macalpine hesitatingly answered that he was almost ashamed to confess that he had no rational ground for uneasiness, and yet that he could not

help feeling peculiarly troubled by a dream of the preceding night. This drew from the company the usual observations upon the folly, &c., &c. But he was not the less earnestly entreated to relate his dream ; and, with a reluctance which made some of the unthinking smile, he at length did so, as follows :—

He imagined himself, he said, to be near an unknown place, into which he had a wish to enter ; but over him frowned a huge gate so closely shut, that he could espy nothing beyond it. Suddenly the gate partially expanded, and he walked in ; when it, as instantly, closed behind him. Above appeared a gigantic face, which, to his slumbering recollection, bore a perfect resemblance to the White Rock in the Dropping Glen. As he turned away, with instinctive dread, It unlocked its stony jaws, and although no sounds were uttered, seemed to demand of him what he did there ? The question, from such a querist, was embar-

rassing ; and he could only beg, with trembling lips, that the gate might be reopened.

The gigantic countenance assumed an expression of compassion, as, looking down in his face, it observed his extreme dismay ; and, although he was not distinctly aware that it spoke, yet he received an indefinable intimation that it would suffer him to depart, if he would pledge himself to return, and again ask admittance on the same day of the following month. This condition he, for a time, attempted to resist ; but his horror became so overwhelming, that he at length gave the promise. The massive bars of the gate were then withdrawn ; and its vast compartments, unfolding, were just clashing behind him, when, with the thundering noise, he awoke.

The dream, the company said, was certainly remarkable, inasmuch as it bore reference to visions that had visited and impressed him before ; yet what were dreams ? And although, in the conversation excited by his narrative, several wonderful facts

were related in connection with nocturnal visions, still all the friends that were assembled agreed that Mr. Macalpine would be foolish to indulge further meditation upon the subject. He took the advice; and the traces of this wayward visitation were speedily obliterated by the exhilarating engagements connected with an active preparation for the nuptial ceremony. Time passed on, and, some days before that appointed for the solemnity, he had occasion to visit the neighbouring little town of Crieff, which will be found in the maps of this part of the country, on business connected with his late father's affairs. When he reached the place, he missed one of the persons whom he expected to meet, and was obliged to engage to revisit the village on the following day. Circumstances barred the keeping of his appointment, and, occupied with ante-nuptial concerns, it was put off until the very morning previous to the one on which his neighbours were invited to attend his bridal.

Taking horse early, he promised, if possible, to return by nightfall. Night came, however, and he was still absent. His bride was with the family at Cairndale, occupied by the agreeable employments of the time, when a gentleman, who lived at some distance, arrived, and narrated a circumstance he had witnessed as he crossed the country.

“I may be a little superstitiously disposed,” said the gentleman, “with regard to a certain place in this neighbourhood, which we all know by the name of the Dropping Glen, ever since a remarkable anecdote told me, concerning it, by my grandfather, to which I only can now barely allude. Lying in my way to this house, I felt something, I confess, like alarm, on observing that the darkness had overtaken me before I cleared its dangerous vicinity. When quite near it, my attention was fixed by the clatter of a rapid horse-tramp. I stopped, and listened. A horse and rider approached at an

irregular gallop. Well acquainted with the broken and bushy nature of the ground, it seemed to be almost a proof of madness for any man, even under the influence of the most headlong haste, to dash on with such furious speed; particularly in the thickening darkness. It was then so obscure, that I could not judge who the desperate rider might be. Conscious of the imminent danger he was in, I shouted more than once as he passed. But whether the hard breathing and the sounding hoofs of his horse prevented him from hearing my call, I know not; but, notwithstanding the warning, he rushed on directly towards the upper chasm of the Dropping Glen, as if all the demons of the air were hurrying him to destruction. I spurred after him as soon as astonishment would allow me; but, by this time, I heard his horse's feet ringing on the ledge of the cliff, and the clang resounding through the low-lying hollows. Again the receding echoes died away, and

nothing broke the dead silence save a voice-like murmur ; which might have been the affrighted man's exclamations on finding himself in this dreadful situation. To me it seemed like the unearthly whisperings of the fiends that are said to haunt the inner gulfs of that fearful place. The horse's hoofs rattled again upon the rocks : and presently there broke upon my ear a piercing shriek, followed by a low, dashing noise that arose from the extreme depths, answered, as it were, by a hollow moan rolling down the windings of the Glen. Then all was again still, as if the fearful chasm had just been made a grave. As if the spirits of doom had been appeased by a sacrifice !

“ I stood transfixed with terror, when I observed something flying towards me ; and presently a horse, with empty saddle, came rushing past. I rode up and tried to seize hold of the bridle, as the animal floundered among the brushwood ; but my nerves were

too greatly agitated, and it broke away. God grant that all our friends may be safe! Some unhappy mortal, I fear me, has this night been called to his last account in that accursed spot!"

It was long past the hour the bridegroom of the morrow should have arrived. Every word of the above, in the faint candlelight, fell like ice upon the ears of the anxious auditory. The effect of the narrative upon the alarmed bride we need not attempt to portray. Deep and unbroken silence, in the darkness of the country, was without. Faintly an intermitting, changeful sound approached from a distant point. Every one sat silent in pained and stretched attention. Suddenly a horse-prance was heard on the stones before the gate of the house. It was Macalpine's horse. Riderless!

Next morning, on search being made in the inner recesses of the Glen, the body of the unfortunate young man was found at the bottom of a steep precipice, just beneath the

spectre-like crag, where fall the incessant drops which gave its name to the fatal scene. The story made a deep impression in the superstitious neighbourhood of the Benlaws in Perthshire. For, on comparing dates, the catastrophe was found to have occurred on that very day month after Gregor Macalpine had his remarkable dream.

Such is the story, which is given out as true, and the events are related to have happened in the vicinity of the little town of Crieff in Perthshire. We have thought the account of so striking and interesting a character, that we have given it in full.

CHAPTER VI.

Pausanias. Dryden as an astrologer. Authentic story of a noble family. Dr. Priestley and Mr. Petty. Story of the Field of Malplaquet. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Cave. Supernatural story of the Family of Orleans. Last visit of Louis-Philippe to England as King. Supernatural risks of the Desert. Mr. William Wardlaw. Lord Hastings. Lord Stanley. Julius Cæsar. Prefigurations to the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Curious historical supernatural accounts. Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Guise, head of the Catholic League, and strange facts in nature previous to his assassination.

PAUSANIAS writes, that, four hundred years after the battle of Marathon, there were still heard, in the place where it was fought, the neighing of horses, and the shouts of soldiers, animating one another to the fight. Plutarch, also, speaks of spectres seen and dreadful howlings heard in the

Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The Court being "in Progress," and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him, at Charlton in Wilts. His lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, Lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles. But Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger: he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John.

When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of the blood as threw her into a violent fever, and her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well, which recovered her spirits. And in six weeks

after she received an explanation of the whole affair.

Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology, and therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting-match Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boy a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return, well knowing the task he had set him would take up much longer time.

Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father; but, as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of

them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also ; when, just as they came to the gate, the stag, being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court-wall, which, being very low and old, and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall, ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out ; and, after languishing six weeks in a dangerous way, he recovered. So far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled.

In the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican, at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He, again, recovered, but was ever after in a languishing state.

In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was, unhappily, drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the

Thames. But, returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, although too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetic.

The subjoined story comes to us with authority. A well-known person, of great age, has supplied the following account:—
“I will close these anecdotes by one of a different description. At a distance of sixty or more years I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my memory in the subordinate details,” she says; “of this story; but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestley, and, many years after, from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne in Wiltshire, who was concerned in it, and whom I met in a very different circle of society. While Dr. Priestley occupied the post of librarian to the Earl of Shelburne, one day Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth

whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestley; Lord Shelburne being then absent, I think in London. When the doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and was exceedingly unwell. Who it was I will not distinctly say, but I believe it was Dr. Priestley who states that he had, one night, been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate, hoping that, by so doing, the painful impressions would pass away. It seems he dreamed that some one had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey. He was, himself, unable to sit up, but was carried, lying down, into a carriage: his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession, at last, wound slowly off. After pursuing the road, for many hours, towards London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a

church. It was the church at High-Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, which is the burial-place, I believe, of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in this dream of Dr. Priestley's, that he entered, or rather was carried into the church: he looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestley, however, imagined that his dream was the result of mere excitement, consequent on the unfavourable state of Mr. Petty; with whom, indeed—from the sequel—he seemed, in his dream, to have exchanged places. Under all the circumstances, as he experienced considerable anxiety, he thought it best to send for the family medical attendant to Mr. Petty.

“The next day Mr. Petty was much better. On the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room. But as it was in

January and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house, and, with that precaution, took his leave. Late the next afternoon, the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road led by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. . . . What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see *the youth himself*, without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was indescribably astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode hastily towards Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared, whither he knew not—but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders; and—more assured—he rode on to the house. There—to his astonishment—he learnt that Mr. Petty

had just expired. The dream and the appearance were remarkable enough."

The above is reiterated upon substantial testimony.

General Oglethorpe, at a dinner-party given by him on the 10th of April, 1772, to Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, and others, told the following story as coming within his own knowledge. Colonel Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, predicted among his comrades that he should die on a certain day. The battle of Malplaquet took place on that day. The Colonel was in the midst of it, but came out unhurt. The firing had ceased, and his brother-officers jested with him about the fallacy of his prediction. "The day is not over," replied he, gravely. "I shall die, notwithstanding what you see." His words proved true. The order for a cessation of firing had not reached one of the French batteries, and a random shot, from it, killed the Colonel on

the spot. Among his effects was found a pocket-book in which he had made a solemn entry that Sir John Friend, who had been executed for high treason, had appeared to him, either in a dream or vision, and predicted that he would meet him on a certain day, the very day of the battle. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of the effects of Colonel Prendergast and read the entry in the pocket-book, himself told this story to Pope, the poet, in the presence of General Oglethorpe. And the latter is understood to have taken some pains to verify the fact.

Johnson, also, at the same party, tells a story of a similar character. His friend, old Mr. Cave, the printer of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, — "an honest man, and a sensible man," adds Johnson, — had assured him that he had seen an apparition. He did not, however, like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great disturbance whenever it was mentioned.

A distinguished writer puts forth the following, in April of the year 1840. "The present King of the French," says he—"this present Louis-Philippe—bore, in his boyish days, a title which would not have been his but for an omen of bad augury which was sought to be put aside by the change. He was called the *Duc de Chartres* before the Revolution, whereas his proper title was *Duc de Valois*. And the origin of the change was this :—The Regent's father had been the sole brother of Louis Quatorze. He married, for his first wife, our English princess, Henrietta, the sister of Charles II. (and through her daughter, by the way, it is that the House of Savoy, *i. e.* of Sardinia, has pretensions to the English throne). This unhappy lady, it is too well established, was poisoned. Voltaire, amongst many others, has affected to doubt the fact; for which, in his time, there might be some excuse. But, since then, better evidences have placed the matter beyond all question.

We now know both the fact, and the how and the why. The Duke, who probably was no party to the murder of his young wife, though otherwise on bad terms with her, married, for his second wife, a coarse German princess, homely in every sense, and a singular contrast to the elegant creature whom he had lost. She was a daughter of the Bavarian Elector, ill-tempered by her own confession, self-willed and a plain speaker to excess, but, otherwise, a woman of honest German principles. Unhappy she was through a long life, unhappy through the monotony as well as the malicious intrigues of the French Court, and so much so, that she did her best (though without effect) to prevent her Bavarian niece from becoming dauphiness. She acquits her husband, however, in the Memoirs which she left behind, of any intentional share in her unhappiness: she describes him constantly as a well-disposed prince. But, whether it were that often walking, in the

dusk, through the numerous apartments of that vast mansion which her husband had so much enlarged, naturally she turned her thoughts to the injured lady who had presided there before herself; or whether it arose from the inevitable gloom which broods continually over mighty palaces,—so much is known for certain, that, one evening in the twilight, she met, at a remote quarter of the reception-rooms, something that she conceived to be a *spectre*. What she fancied to have passed on that occasion was never known except to her nearest friends; and if she made any explanations in her Memoirs, the editor has thought fit to suppress them. She mentions only that, in consequence of some ominous circumstances relating to the title of *Valois*, which was the proper second title of the Orleans family, her son, the Regent, had assumed, in his boyhood, that of Duc de Chartres. His elder brother was dead, so that the superior title was open to him; but, in

consequence of those mysterious omens, whatever they might be, which occasioned much whispering at the time, the great title of Valois was laid aside for ever as of bad augury ; nor has it ever been resumed through a century and a half that have followed that mysterious warning ; nor will it be resumed unless the numerous children of the present Orleans branch should find themselves distressed for ancient titles ; which is not likely, since they enjoy the honours of the elder house, and are now the *children of France* in a technical sense. Here we have a great European case of State omens in the eldest of Christian houses."

The above was written eight years before the sudden and terrible changes which revolutionised the fortunes of the Orleans family. No longer the "children of France," the offspring of Louis-Philippe are wanderers and in exile, and the most unlikely of persons (when the above was

written) is now of princely—nay, Imperial—authority, in France, in their room.

Certain remarkable and ominous circumstances occurred, in England, before the downfall of King Louis-Philippe. By some studious persons, living in England and somewhat skilled in the superstitions and lore of the ancient times, also particularly acquainted with the general subject of Roman augury, these omens were, at the time—as the ancients would say—secretly recognised and registered as meanings against him. Such as the following were they. Now, amongst the Romans, each of these circumstances — but especially the last — would have been held distinctively and most formidably sinister. The King of the French was returning, as the monarch of France, from his last visit to our Queen, and was travelling from Windsor Castle. Louis-Philippe and Queen Victoria's carriages, escorted by the usual detachment of Life-Guards, arrived at the Bricklayers'

Arms Station of the South-Eastern Railway in the midst of a great fire, which, at the time, had suddenly broken out amongst the Railway buildings. The carriage containing the King and his royal escort had to make their way to the rails, (and over them, we believe,) through the flames; nearly, now, arching over on either hand. Amidst the smoke and sparks of this terrific demolition, therefore, did the King start on his ill-starred return-journey. His departure was consequently accompanied with no peaceful auguries; but through fire was it made to his royal Paris, soon to be the hotbed of revolutionary flames. The other omen was the following. The King's private yacht, not, however, with his Majesty on board, in making her way, in peace, between two not very distant points on the coast of France, was forced to sea, in violent weather, and, after beating about, for three days, we believe, in the English Channel, she was, to the consternation of all who knew of it, com-

pelled to find refuge and safety in an English port :—the very last, and most unlikely and ominous, which she, otherwise, could have sought.

There is a secondary disaster, according to the Arab superstition, awaiting those whose eyes are once opened to the discernment of the phantoms of the desert. To see them, or to hear them, even where the traveller is careful to refuse their lures, entails the certainty of death in no long time. Mr. William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion (and, we believe, relative) of Lord Lindsay had seen an array of objects in the desert, which facts, immediately succeeding, demonstrated to have been a mere ocular *lusus*, or (according to Arab notions) phantoms. Mr. Ramsay saw, to his own entire conviction, a party of horse moving amongst some sandhills. Afterwards it became certain, from accurate information, that this must have been a delusion. It was esta-

blished, that no horsemen *could* have been in that neighbourhood at that time. Lord Lindsay reports the case in these pointed terms:—" Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sandhills; and I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of that impression." No—and, according to Arab interpretation, very naturally so; for, according to their faith, he really *had* seen the horsemen; phantom horsemen, certainly, but still objects of sight. The sequel remains to be told: by the Arabian hypothesis, Mr. Ramsay had but a short time to live—he was under a secret summons to the next world. And accordingly, in a few weeks after this, whilst Lord Lindsay had gone to visit Palmyra, Mr. Ramsay died at Damascus.

Sir Thomas More, when he was fifteen, was placed in the house of Thomas Morton,

Bishop of Ely; and from the table-talk of this latter, the following anecdotes were derived:—

“The Lord Protector, Richard Crookback, caused a council to be set at the Tower, on the Friday, the 13th June. A marvellous case it is to hear either the warnings that the Lord Hastings, who was killed at that council, should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his beheading, the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger, in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him; for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide in London, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar, with his tusks, so raised them both by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the *boar* for his cognisance, he imagined that it should be he that should do it. This dream made such a fearful im-

pression, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready.

“Compare this with the following which occurred, the next day, in the council-room, when the Lord Hastings was arrested and hurried off to the log of wood, which lay accidentally there, on the green before the chapel in the Tower. One man in harness, who rushed in, let fly at the Lord Stanley; who shrunk back his head at the stroke and threw himself under the table, else his head had been cleft. For as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. The dream was verified.

“Certain it is, also, that, in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, the horse which Lord Hastings was accustomed daily to ride on stumbled twice or thrice almost to the falling. Which thing, although it happeth to them often to whom no mischief is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil

token observed as a going toward mischief. But Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier nor thought his life in more surety in all his days; which thing is often a sign of change. But I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death. For upon the very Tower-wharf, so near the place where his head was off, so soon after, as a man might well cast a ball, a *poursuivant* of his own (and bearing his own name, too, of Hastings, though in no wise related to him,) met with him. And, at their meeting so unexpectedly in that place, he was put in remembrance of another special time when they met in the same spot. 'Ah, Hastings!' crieth my lord, 'art thou remembered, how I met thee here, once, with a heavy dole?' 'Yea, my lord,' quoth the *poursuivant*, Hastings, 'that I remember well. And thanked be God that my good lord got no afterward harm thereby!' 'Faith, man,' said Lord

Hastings, 'I was never of so down a heart, nor ever stood in so great a danger of my life, as I did then when I met thee! But, lo! the world has gone round, now. Now it is that my enemies are in the danger, and I in the hopefullest assurance.' 'God grant so it prove,' quoth Hastings, the servant. 'Prove!' repeateth my lord: 'I tell thee, man, it *is*.' And so, in manner checked and displeased, did he enter into the Tower. O Lord God, the blindness of us! Then when he most feared, he was most in safety. And when he thought himself of the surest, he was the most near death. For, within two hours from that passage, was his head stricken off."

The following narrative is from Plutarch.

"It appears that destiny is not so much a thing that gives no warning, as a thing that cannot be avoided: for they say that wondrous signs and appearances preceded

the death of Cæsar. While Cæsar, himself, was sacrificing, the heart of the victim could not be found; and this was considered a bad omen, for, naturally, an animal without a heart cannot exist. A certain seer warned him to be on his guard against great danger on that day of the month of March which the Romans call the Ides: and when the day had arrived, as Cæsar was going to the Senate-House, he saluted the seer, and jeered him, saying, 'Well, the Ides of March are come.' To which the seer quietly replied, 'Yes, they are come: but they are not yet gone!' The day before his assassination, when Marcus Lepidus was entertaining him with a grand banquet, he chanced to be signing letters, according to his custom, while he was reclining at table, and the conversation having fallen on what manner of death was the best, before any one could give an answer, he called out, 'that which was sudden and thorough.' That very night,

whilst he was sleeping, as he was accustomed to do, by the side of his wife, all the doors and windows in the house flew open at once, and being startled by the noise, and in the brightness of the moon, which was shining down upon them, he observed that Calphurnia was violently troubled in her sleep. She was, indeed, dreaming that she held her murdered husband in her arms. Others say, that the vision which Calphurnia had was the following. Pursuant to a vote of the Senate, who accorded him that honour, there was attached to Cæsar's house an *acroterium* which surmounted the pediment. This was the highest ornament and distinction which could be granted; and Livius states that, in her dream, Calphurnia saw this tumble down. Figuratively denoting Cæsar's downfall.

“ Artemidorus, a Cnidian, by birth, and a professor of the Greek philosophy, came and brought, in a small roll, the information

which he intended to communicate. But, observing that Cæsar gave each memorial, as he received it, to the officers about him, he made his way as closely as he could to Cæsar, and cried to him that he, himself, should take that which he offered and read it instantly, for that it concerned him nearly. Accordingly Cæsar took the roll; but, though he made several attempts, he was prevented reading it by the press.

“Now it seemed the work of the Invisible Powers to guide and call the execution of the dreadful deed to that precise spot where the statue of Pompeius rose grandly, though grimly, in the very hall. It is said, also, that Cassius looked towards the statue, and, ere the assassination was commenced, silently invoked it. To the base of this statue, which extended its arm, as if presiding over the revenge and the culmination of the catastrophe, was, at the close of the attack, Cæsar driven, either by chance or by

the conspirators. And the base of the statue of Pompeius was bathed in blood!

“One Cinna, a friend of Cæsar, happened, as it is said, to have had a strange dream the night before. For he dreamed that he was invited, by Cæsar, to sup; and when he excused himself, he was dragged along by Cæsar. Now, when Cinna heard that the body of Cæsar was burning, under so grand and yet so violent circumstances as followed his assassination:—although this last dream is represented to have occurred in the interval *between* the murder and the dispersion of the conspirators:—Cinna got up and went, out of respect, to the Forum; though he was somewhat alarmed at his dream, and had a fever on him. One of the crowd, who saw Cinna, told his name to another who was enquiring of him; and he, again, repeated it to a third; and immediately—as there was a Cinna who was one of the conspirators—it spread through the

crowd that this Cinna was the one who had killed Cæsar. And all the people making up their minds that this was he, they rushed upon him, and, spite of his cries as to their mistake, they vented all their rage in his destruction. It was principally through alarm at this, that the partisans of Brutus and Cassius, after a few days, left Rome. Thus portents were not wanting in this eclipse of dignities." The supernatural appearance of a figure to Brutus, in his tent, on the eve of the fatal Philippi, and the shudderingly awful warning in the gloom of that silent camp, and in the anxieties and dreads of the great morrow—"Tis I that am to meet thee in the battle-field:"—this so strange and ominous fact, recorded on so many hands, is matter of history.

The great Duke of Guise, the head of the Catholic League in France, is said, by the biographers, though called to a friendly council and having reason to expect any-

thing but treachery, while waiting, in the ante-chamber, his admission into the king's council-closet, behind the arras of which the halberdiers who were to be his murderers were concealed, was seized, though in full health, with a sudden, dreadful, premonitory nervous fit, accompanied by a great bleeding at the mouth: as if really, then, as it were, in the very *atmosphere* of his murderers, the prenoting of that bloody death, which he was to die, was preparing the victim in the very figure of that red destruction which was almost already in act—only divided by a door. The whole story of these last occurrences reads, in the historians, like a grand tragic tale—mysterious, ominous, and striking; terrible, and at the same time unaccountable. It would really seem that daily life gives out its warnings before catastrophe.

The particulars of the following historical instance of the supernatural are very little

known. We think it good to supply the curious reader with the account *in extenso*. It is extracted as it appears in a very reverend old volume now lying before the writer, and displaying the marks, in brown ink, of individuals now long deposited in their final homes. Though their thoughts on these strange subjects, as equally as ours, still live. The dusky paper and type, the mouldered ink, the curves indicating the little acts as the reader sat and inscribed, and, more especially, the present-appearing notions of, now, shadows of men, over whose graves more than two centuries and a half of grass has waved, but whose ideas, at this moment entertained, might be those of any living man among us yesterday, are striking. Hardly noticed in biographical and historical accounts which have come down to us from this period, we have never, till now, lighted upon the story as made at the time. In the coldest and most reluctant—and, we may add, the most scientific—of minds—

a feeling of awe intrudes as the fancy dimly glances at the possibility of such unbelieved-of things.

Postscript of a Letter of Mr. Douche concerning the appearance of the Shade of Sir George Villiers, Father to the first Duke of Buckingham.

“SIR,—Since the writing of the premises, a passage concerning an Apparition of Sir George Villiers, giving warning of his son’s (the Duke of Buckingham’s) murder, is come into my mind, which hath been assured by a servant of the Duke’s to be a great truth. Thus it happened. Some few days before the Duke’s going to Portsmouth (where he was stabbed by Felton), the appearance of his father, Sir George Villiers, made itself visible to one Parker (formerly his own servant, but then servant to the Duke), in his morning chamber-gown. He charged Parker to tell his son that he should decline that employment and design he was going upon, or else he would certainly be murdered. Parker promised the Apparition to do it, but neglected it. The

Duke making preparations for his expedition, the Apparition came again to Parker, taxing him very severely for his breach of promise, and required him not to delay the acquainting his son of the danger he was in. Then Parker the next day tells the Duke that his Father's Ghost had twice appeared to him, and had commanded him to give him that warning. The Duke slighted it, and told him he was an old doting fool. That night the Apparition came to Parker a third time, saying—'Parker, thou hast done well in warning my son of his danger. But though he will not yet believe thee, Go to him once more, however, and tell him from me by such a token (naming a private token), which nobody knows but only he and I, that, if he will not refuse his voyage, such a knife as this is' (pulling a long knife out from under his gown) 'will be his death.' This message Parker also delivered the next day to the Duke; who, when he heard the private token, visibly changed countenance, in the sight of Parker, and inwardly believed that he had it from his Father veritably. Yet he even

now said that his honour was utterly at stake, and that he could not go back from what he was so sworn and engaged to, come life, come death !

“ This real visitation Parker, after the Duke’s murder, with infinite wonder communicated to his fellow-servant Henry Seeley, who told it to a reverend divine, a neighbour of mine. From whose mouth, indeed, I have it. This Henry Seeley has not been dead above twenty years, and his habitation, for several years before his death, was at North Currey (North Cray), but three miles from this place.

“ My friend, the divine aforesaid, was an intimate acquaintance of this Henry Seeley’s, and assures me he was a person of known truth and integrity.

“ JAMES DOUCHE.”

Advertisement concerning this same singular and well-attested Narration.

“ This story I certify that I heard, (but a certain other name was put for that of Parker,) with great assurance, and with fuller circumstances, from a person of

honour. But I shall content myself to note only what I find in a letter of Mr. Timothy Lockett, of the same place as Mr. James Douche. That this apparition to Mr. Parker was, all three times, towards midnight, when he was reading in some book, or otherwise quietly occupied. And he mentions that the Duke's expedition was hasty, and for the relief of Rochelle :—then sore-pressed. The rest is much what as Mr. Douche has declared. But I will not omit the close of Mr. Lockett's letter. I was confirmed in the truth of these extraordinary particulars, saith he, by Mr. Henry Seeley, who was then a servant with this Mr. Parker to the Duke. And he told me that he knew Mr. Parker to be a religious and sober person, no way given to extravagancies either of speech or thought, and that every particular related was, to his knowledge, of substantial fact and true."

Thursday was a fatal day to Henry VIII., as Stowe avers, and so also to his posterity. He died on Thursday, January 28th ; King Edward VI., on Thursday, July 6th ; Queen

Mary, on Thursday, November 17th ; Queen Elizabeth, on Thursday, March 24th.

“Thomas Flud, in Kent, Esq.,” so an old writer mentions, “told me that it is an ancient observation, which was pressed earnestly to James I., but neglected by him, that he should not remove the Queen of Scots’ body from Northamptonshire, where she was beheaded and interred. For that it is always understood to bode evil to the family when bodies are removed from their graves. For some of the family will die shortly after ; as did Prince Henry, and, I think, Queen Anne, wife of James I.”

The silver cross, which was commonly carried before Cardinal Wolsey, fell, quite without cause, apparently, out of its socket, and was like to have killed a Bishop who was with him when his last great misfortune befel. A very little while after, a royal messenger (*poursuivant*) came in and

arrested the Cardinal before he could make his escape out of the house. Stowe, in his 'Chronicles,' is our warrant for this. Aubrey repeats it. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' states the circumstance.

King Charles I., after he was condemned, did tell Colonel Tomlinson that he "believed that the English monarchy was, now, at an end!" But about half an hour after, with a radiant countenance, and as if with a supernaturally assured manner, he affirmed to the Colonel, positively, that his son should reign after him. "This information," says Aubrey, who speaks of his contemporaries, "I had from Fabian Phillips, Esq., of the Inner Temple, who had the best authority for the truth of this. I forget whether Mr. Phillips, who was under some reserve, named to me the precise person; but I suspect that it was Colonel Tomlinson himself."

This Colonel Tomlinson, it may be added,

commanded the regiment of cavalry that attended before Whitehall at the King's execution. It may be almost conclusively assumed that the famous "Remember!" of King Charles, on the scaffold, to Bishop Juxon, (and the meaning of which solemn and mysterious adjuration has puzzled all the historians,) enforced, in his last moments, the truth of this inspiration.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Lyttelton and his strange story. Supernatural sounds to the Rev. John Griffiths of Glandwr, Caemarthenshire. Apparition to Captain Kidd. Singular classical, supernatural accounts. Occurrence in St. Petersburg, in February, 1855. Curious political coincidence. Modern presages. Remarkable dream. Singular traditional story of North Germany. Egyptian soothsayers. Contemplation of magic-sights in mirrors. Story of a modern Egyptian diviner. Interesting facts in natural history. Superstition of the Romans. Powers of augury of the Romans. Strange forecasting, or divination, by Napoleon Bonaparte. Story of Hungerford. Prince Poniatowski and the Gipsy's prediction. Second-sight. The Empress Josephine. Ominous occurrences in the history of Lord Nelson. Sir Thomas Picton. Sir Walter Scott, and the strange fatality which seemed to reverse all his plans, for the future, when made in life. The ill-fated Amazon, West India mail-packet. Birkenhead transport. The Tiger, English frigate, and her captain, Giffard. Captain Butler of Silistria. Pœrio and the Nea-

politan Exiles. Lord Byron. Story of the late Duke of Wellington. Banqueting House, Whitehall, and the fate of the First Charles. Contemporaneous hints.

THE subject of this narrative was the son of George, Lord Lyttelton, who was alike distinguished for the raciness of his wit and the profligacy of his manners. The latter trait of his character has induced many persons to suppose the apparition which he asserted he had seen, to have been the effect of a conscience quickened with remorse for innumerable vices and shortcomings. The probability of the narrative consequently has been much questioned. But, in our own acquaintance, we chance to know two gentlemen, one of whom was at Pitt Place, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, and the other in the immediate neighbourhood, at the time of his lordship's death, and who bear ample testimony to the veracity of the whole affair.

The several narratives correspond in material points ; and we shall now proceed to

relate the most circumstantial particulars, written by a gentleman who was on a visit to his lordship :—

“ I was at Pitt Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttelton died. Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttelton had not long been returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits. He was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month, while he was at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird; and, afterwards, that a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, ‘ Prepare to die. You will not exist three days.’ His lordship was much alarmed, and called to a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration. The circumstance had a considerable effect all the next day on his lordship’s spirits. On the third day, while his

lordship was at breakfast with the above personages, he said, 'If I live over to-night, I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Pitt Place, where they had not long arrived, before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits. After a short interval, he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven.

"It was when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint-water, that his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a toothpick, called him 'a slovenly dog,' and bid him go and fetch a tea-spoon. But, on the man's return, he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck, and the servant, instead of relieving his lordship, on the instant, from his perilous situation, ran, in his fright, and called for help; but, on his return, he found his lordship dead."

In explanation of this strange tale, it is said that Lord Lyttelton acknowledged,

previously to his death, that the woman he had seen in his dream was the mother of the two Miss Amphletts, mentioned above, whom, together with a third sister, then in Ireland, his lordship had seduced, and prevailed on to leave their parents, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. It is further stated, that Mrs. Amphlett died of grief, through the desertion of her children, at the precise time when the female vision appeared to his lordship.

It is, also, said that, about the period of his own dissolution, a personage, answering Lord Lyttelton's description, visited the bedside of the late Miles Peter Andrews, Esq., (who had been the friend and companion of Lord Lyttelton in his revels,) and, suddenly throwing open the curtains, desired Mr. Andrews to come to him. The latter, not knowing that his lordship had returned from Ireland, suddenly got up, when the phantom disappeared! Mr. Andrews frequently declared, that the alarm caused him

to have a short fit of illness; and, in his subsequent visits to Pitt Place, no solicitations could ever prevail on him to take a bed there; but he would invariably return, however late, to the Spread Eagle Inn, at Epsom, for the night.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his *Memoirs*, has the following passage:—

“ Dining at Pitt Place, about four years after the death of Lord Lyttelton, in the year 1783, I had the curiosity to visit the bedchamber, where the casement-window, at which Lord Lyttelton asserted the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and, at his stepmother’s, the dowager Lady Lyttelton’s, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed, in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event. It hung in a conspicuous part of the drawing-room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord

Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed, after the description given to her by the *valet-de-chambre* who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances."

An engraving, copied from the picture, has been published, and is still frequently to be met with in the collections of print-sellers.

The following remarkable circumstance is related of the late Rev. John Griffiths, of Glandwr, Caermarthenshire, whose literary attainments were well known and most highly appreciated in South-Wales. Until it occurred, he was a disbeliever in corpse-candles and spectral funerals, and, whenever an opportunity presented itself, always declaimed against the belief of those things, both in chapels and other places. But, returning home, on horseback, one night, through a narrow lane, his mare suddenly started. Not perceiving anything, he urged

her on; when, to his astonishment, she reared aside, as if frightened: but as he, still, could not see anything, he dashed the spur in her side, which he had no sooner done than she leaped over the hedge into a field. Much surprised at this, he dismounted, and led her into the road; and, thinking if his optical could not, his auricular nerves might discover the cause, he stopped and listened, when he distinctly heard footsteps treading, as if a funeral passed. Wishing to know where they would proceed to, he followed the sounds to his own chapel, where they ceased at a certain part of the burial-ground attached to it. And he related that, in the course of a week after this, a person was buried near the spot where the steps had ceased to be heard. After this, he discontinued ridiculing the credence given to supernatural lights, &c.

The following description of an apparition is from the pen of Thomas Moore.

It adds to the usual tales of supernatural disclosures, the mystery of *touch*, the least easily deceived of all the senses.

“Lord Byron,” he says, “used, sometimes, to mention a strange story, which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him on the passage. This officer stated, that, being asleep, one night, in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was, at that time, in the same service, in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But, still, the same pressure continued, and, still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uni-

form in which it appeared to be dressed, *dripping wet*. On the entrance of one of his brother-officers, to whom he called out, in alarm, the apparition vanished. But, in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that, on that night, his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance Captain Kidd, himself, did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

The above is related in the *Life of Lord Byron*.

A concourse of crows, vultures, and eagles hovered above the troops of Brutus and Cassius as they took post at Philippi (Dion. xlvii.); and the same birds spake a note of fearful preparation to Lepidus, by thronging the temples of the genius of Rome and of Concord. Cranes, if they were diverted from their flight and turned backward, had already snuffed the storm, and were a sign of woe to mariners.

(Georg. i.; Æn. x.) Swallows were the precursors of misfortune. They sat on the tent of Pyrrhus, and on the mast of Antony. When the Syrian Antiochus was about to join battle with the Parthians, he disregarded the admonition of a swallow's nest in his pavilion, and paid for his incredulity, or his carelessness, with no less than his life. Sailors loved the swan, (swans and the Phœnicians were always connected,) but she was naught to landmen. Of all birds, the owl was the most hateful if it screeched. Not so if it was merely seen. Swarms of bees, if observed on any public place, as the Forum or a temple, were carefully noted, and the ill omen which they were supposed to bring was averted, with all diligence, by repeated sacrifices. Scipio's tent was covered with them before the battle of Ticinus. Locusts were formidable, not only from the natural devastation which they produced, but from the supernatural vengeance which they threa-

tened. Flaminius fell from his horse as he approached the banks of Trasimenus. Augustus put on his left sandal awry on the very morning on which he nearly lost his life by a mutiny. Pompey accidentally threw a black cloak over his shoulders on the day of Pharsalia. Nero gave up his expedition to Alexandria, because his robe caught in the seat as he rose to set out. Cains Gracchus stumbled, at his threshold, on the morning in which he perished. And the son of Crassus, when he took the field against the Parthians, lost a toe by a similar accident.

In the ancient world there were many signs to be derived from animals, which came under the fourth division of augury. A wolf in the Capitol was an ill portent, and occasioned its lustration (Liv. iii. 29). The defeat of the Romans, at the Ticinus, was prognosticated by the entrance of a wolf into their camp, and his escape unhurt, after wounding his pursuers (Liv. xxi. 46); and

still greater calamities of the second Punic War were announced, when a more daring animal of the same breed carried away his sword from a sentinel in Gaul (*Id.* 62). A wolf once put a stop to a plan of colonization in Libya, by hungrily devouring the landmarks which had been assigned for the new settlement (Plut. 'in vita C. Gracchi').

At the worst period of the Russian War of 1854, 1855, and 1856, so far as relating to the interests of the Russians, themselves, and of the effects upon the lives of the principal actors, a singular circumstance, strangely confirmatory of this ancient idea of the Roman augury, was noted, in London, when casually met recorded in one of the metropolitan daily journals. In the report, we believe, of the regular correspondent at Berlin, it was stated that in the month before the decease at St. Petersburg, in March, of his Imperial Majesty Nicholas, greatly to the astonishment of the people,

driven in, probably, by the snows, a wolf made his appearance in the streets. What, indeed, was—and how stood this portent but as the Wolf in the Capitol of Rome, betokening some extraordinary catastrophe in the fateful and mysterious language of the Augurs? We seem to remember, indeed, that it was in the *Times* that appeared reported this extraordinary occurrence, though without the slightest consciousness that, in the present most familiar period, it was speaking an identical ancient superstition. In fact, signs and wonders are about us, though we, penetrated by the modern realism, and seeing everything in common-sense, view all marvels indifferently, and dismiss them authoritatively as mere coincidences.

We extract the following striking parallel from the *Globe*, London evening paper, of a date in May, 1859:—

“It may be remarked, in relation to the

commencement of hostilities between Austria and France, that, half a century ago, the names of the *dramatis-personæ* who performed, on the stage of Europe, the great play of War, coincide extraordinarily with the *corps-dramatique*—figures of fate, chess-pieces of the Invisible—displayed to men's view when the curtain again rises, on the revival of this grand spectacle, this month of May, 1859. The roll of the performance, indeed, needs no alteration :—

DRAM.-PERS. 1810.	DRAM.-PERS. 1859.
Alexander I., Czar.	Alexander II., Czar.
Frederick - William I., King of Prussia.	Frederick - William II., King of Prussia.
Francis I., Kaiser.	Francis-Jos. II., Kaiser.
Pius VI., Pope.	Pius IX., Pope.
Napoleon I., Emperor of the French.	Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.
Victor-Emmanuel I., Sar- dinia.	Victor-Emmanuel, Sar- dinia.
Ferdinand I., King of Naples.	Ferdinand II., King of Naples.
George IV., King of England.	George V., King of Hanover.

In the ancient times, an occurrence which took place at the outset of the voyage of our Queen and Court, in the Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert," to visit the Emperor Napoleon III., on the occasion of his magnificent and imposing inauguration of his great fortress and sea-port on the Channel, Cherbourg, would have been regarded as not the most auspicious omen. The whole royal expedition might have been, perhaps, justly considered as, under the circumstances, impolitic:—nay, laughably ill-advised. What read we—though a slight matter—in the report in the *Times*, as having taken place? "The royal yacht made the passage in fifteen minutes under the six hours from Osborne Stairs to the Harbour of Cherbourg, including a stoppage of more than half an hour when off the Isle of Wight, when nothing would make the vessel advance a foot." What was the reason? An enormous ribband of seaweed, which we might even idealise as into a green

tress of Old Neptune's hair, the great guardian and the genius of England, got entangled in the so flashingly, and then so precipitately and rashly, revolving wheel of the royal yacht ; and the magnificent pleasure-ship was, as it were, tied by a cable. It might have seemed, to an anxious fancy, like the recal of the God of the Seas, whose emblematic trident is supposed to be committed into the hands of the maritime Britannia. It might have appeared, to a visionary, like Neptune's rebuke and Neptune's warning, spoken through his own natural, and the British native means, with which accident — instantaneously adopted and adapted — supplied him !

In the correspondence, from Egypt, appearing in the London papers under date of the 20th September, 1858, it is asserted that seventy-six soothsayers and magicians had been banished to Fosogl, in Soudan, for predicting some fatal mischance to Ibra-

him Pacha, the son of Abbas Pacha, and, in consequence, the elevation of the present Viceroy of Egypt, Said Pacha. It will be remembered that the unfortunate Ibrahim Pacha was lost in the Nile, with various of his officers, from the railway-car, in which he was seated, being precipitated, over the embankment, into the water. Thus—in spite of their punishment when it was promulgated—the forecasting of the Egyptian seers proved true.

Events have come about in an extraordinary manner, reproduced, in the course of time, in a circle, as it were. Many are the instances, private as well as public. We extract the following curious parallel or coincidence, whichever the reader, as his bias may incline him, chooseth to call it. On September 20th, 1754, which happened to be a Friday, the Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, was accompanying, on horseback, Lady Drum-

lanrig, who was riding in a carriage. He had dismounted, and was walking, by the side of her ladyship's coach, some distance; when, on remounting, one of his pistols, without which, at that time, no gentleman travelled, by some accident went off, and the unfortunate Earl was killed on the spot. On Friday, the 6th of August, 1858, as will be fresh in the recollection of most persons, very little over the century afterwards, the Marquis of Queensberry was accidentally killed by his gun when out shooting, in the North, alone in his plantations. Surely there seems something more than coincidence in this likeness in the fate, at the distance of an entire century, of two individuals of the same family, and under circumstances so remarkably similar.

A very remarkable dream was that of a gentleman, now deceased, which he related to Mr. Elihu Rich, as it sets time, and space; and personal experience, all alike, at

defiance. In this dream, the narrator travelled into South America, took up his residence there, went into business, married, had a family, and, in short, went through all the experience of years; and was surprised, when he awoke, to find himself another person. This dream, a whole-life of a night, was, of course, vividly impressed on his memory.

Some time afterwards, a Panoramic View of that country, which, as the picture is contemporaneous, a great many of us may remember, was exhibited at Burford's Gallery, in Leicester Square, London. Going to view it, from the curiosity excited by his dream, he was filled with amazement when he recognised a scene familiar to him. He knew the city, the buildings, and only observed one church that was unknown to him. Assuming the air of a well-informed traveller, he questioned the exhibitor, who had but recently arrived from the spot, as to the accuracy of the picture, and was told

that the church was a new church—one which had been recently erected.

Tradition, in many directions, agrees in the truth of the following.

The public monuments of Hamelin, a considerable town of Upper Saxony, record the following remarkable occurrence. It is reported as having happened there in the year 1384. At that period, so the legend runs, "this town of Hamelin" was infested by such a prodigious multitude of rats, that they ravaged all the corn which was laid up in the granaries. Everything was employed, that art and experience could invent, to chase them away, and whatever is usually employed against this kind of animal.

At that time there came to the town an unknown person, of taller stature than ordinary, dressed in a robe of divers colours, who engaged to deliver them from that scourge for a certain recompense which was

agreed upon. Then he drew from his sleeve a flute, at the sound of which all the rats came out of their holes and followed him. He led them straight to the river Weser, which flows under the town, and into which they ran and were drowned. On his return, he asked for the promised reward, which was refused him, but a smaller sum offered, apparently on account of the facility with which he had exterminated the rats. Less than his original sum the flute player declared he would not take, and he retired meditating revenge.

The next day, which was a fête-day, he chose the moment when the elder inhabitants were at church, and by means of another flute, which he began to play, all the boys of the town, above the age of fourteen, to the number of one hundred and thirty, assembled round him. He led them to the neighbouring mountain, named Kopfelberg. These boys disappeared, and were never seen afterwards. A young girl, who

had followed at a distance, was witness of the matter, and brought the news of it to the town.

They still show a hollow in this mountain, where, they say, the boys, following the flute-player, were finally lost sight of. Beside this opening is an inscription, on a pillar, which is so old that it cannot now be deciphered. But the story is represented on the panes of the church-windows. And it is said that, in the public deeds of the town, it is still the custom, as in perpetual reminder of so striking and so fearfully home-felt a catastrophe, to authenticate the deeds in this manner :—

“DONE IN THE YEAR — AFTER THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF OUR CHILDREN.”

Both the ancient and the modern worlds present ideas similar to those below.

In ancient times, a natural basin of rock, kept constantly full by a running stream, was a favourite haunt for its magical

effects. The double meaning of the word *reflection* ought here to be considered, and how, gazing down into clear water, the mind is disposed to self-retirement, and to contemplation deeply tinged with melancholy. Rocky pools and gloomy lakes figure in all stories of magic:—witness the Craic-pol-nain in the Highland woods of Laynchork; the Devil's Glen in the county of Wicklow, Ireland; the Swedish Blokula; the witch-mountains of Italy; and the Babiagora, between Hungary and Poland. Similar resorts, in the glens of Germany, were marked, as Tacitus mentions, by salt-springs.


It was, really, only another form of divination by the gloomy water-pool, that attracted so much public attention, a few years ago, when Mr. Lane, in his work on Modern Egypt, testified to its success as practised in Egypt and Hindostan. That gentleman having resolved to witness the performance of this species of sorcery, the

magician commenced his operations by writing forms of invocation, to his familiar spirits, on six slips of paper : a chafing-dish, with some live charcoal in it, was then procured, and a boy summoned who had not yet reached the age of puberty. Mr. Lane enquired who were the persons that could see in the fluid mirror, and was told that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman.

To prevent any collusion between the sorcerer and the boy, Mr. Lane sent his servant to take the first boy he met. When all was prepared, the sorcerer threw some incense, and one of the strips of paper, into the chafing-dish. He then took hold of the boy's right hand, and drew a square, with some mystical marks, on the palm : in the centre of the square he poured a little ink, which formed the magic mirror, and desired the boy to look steadily into it, without raising his head. In this mirror,

the boy declared that he saw, successively, a man sweeping, seven men with flags, an army pitching its tents, and the various officers of state attending on the Sultan.

The rest must be told by Mr. Lane himself. "The sorcerer now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson; of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sultan, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson. Bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily.' The boy then said so, and almost immediately added: 'A messenger has gone and brought back a man dressed in a black (or, rather, dark blue) suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two, and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said,



‘No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.’ This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared, in the ink, as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass which makes the right appear left. He answered that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy’s description faultless. Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own

father ; of whom he was sure no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man, in a Frank dress, with his hand placed on his head ; wearing spectacles ; and with one foot on the ground and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect : the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache, and that of the foot, or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute exactness both as to person and dress ; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of several Englishmen of my acquaintance." So far Mr. Lane, whose account may be compared with that given by Mr. Kinglake, the author of *Föthen*.

It may be worth adding, that, in a recent case of hydromancy known to the writer, the boy could see better without the medium than with it:—though he could also see reflected images in a vessel of water. This fact may be admitted to prove that such images are reflected to the eye of the seer from his own mind and brain. How the brain becomes thus enchanted, or the eye disposed for vision, is another question. Certainly it is no proof that the recollected image, in the mind of the enquirer, is transferred to the seer, as proofs can be shown to the contrary.

When we look closely into it, Nature seems woven over, almost, with a magical web, and forms of the marvellous are rife.

Certain it is that, in all Christian lands, the legend about the ass is current amongst the rural population. Its association—beside the Christian symbol which it bears upon its back—is with the Founder of Chris-

tianity in one great triumphal solemnity. The haddock, again, amongst marine animals, is supposed, throughout all maritime Europe, to be a privileged fish : even in austere Scotland every child can point out the impression of St. Peter's thumb, by which, from age to age, it is distinguished from fishes having, otherwise, an external resemblance. All domesticated cattle, having the benefit of man's guardianship and care, are believed, throughout England and Germany, to go down upon their knees at one particular moment of Christmas Eve, when the fields are covered with darkness, when no eye looks down but that of God, and when the exact anniversary hour revolves of the angelic song, once rolling over the fields and flocks of Palestine. The Glastonbury Thorn is a more local superstition ; but at one time the legend was as widely diffused as that of Loretto, with the angelic translation of its sanctities. On Christmas morning, it was devoutly believed by all Christendom, that this holy thorn put forth its annual blossoms. With re-

spect to the aspen-tree the popular faith is universal—that it shivers mystically in sympathy with the horror of that mother-tree, in Palestine, which was compelled to furnish materials for the Cross. Neither would it, in this case, be any objection if a passage were produced from Solinus or Theophrastus implying that the aspen-tree had always shivered.

The name of several places was formally changed by the Roman Government, solely with a view to that contagion of evil which was thought to lurk in the syllables, if taken significantly. Thus, the town of Maleventum (*Illcome*, as one might render it) had its name changed by the Romans to Beneventum (or *Welcome*). *Epidamnium*, again, the Grecian Calais, corresponding to the Roman Dover of Brundisium, was a name that would have startled the stoutest-hearted Roman. The name was, therefore, changed to Dyrrachium. A case equally strong, to take one out of many hundreds

that have come down to us, is reported by Livy. There was an officer in a Roman legion, at some period of the republic, who bore the name either of Atrius UMBER or Umbrius ATER: and this man being ordered on some expedition, the soldiers refused to follow him. They did right.

Omens, of every class, were certainly regarded, in ancient times, with a reverence that can hardly be surpassed. But yet, with respect to these omens derived from names, it is certain that our modern times have more memorable examples on record.

In the spring of 1799, when Napoleon was lying before Acre, he became anxious for news from Upper Egypt, whither he had despatched Dessaix in pursuit of a distinguished Mameluke leader. This was in the middle of May. - Not many days after, a courier arrived with favourable despatches—favourable in the main, but reporting one tragical occurrence on a small scale, that, to Napoleon, for a super-

stitious reason, outweighed the public prosperity. A *djerme*, or Nile boat of the largest class, having on board a large party of troops and of wounded men, together with most of a regimental band, had run ashore at the village of Bernouth. No case could be more hopeless. The neighbouring Arabs were of the Yambo tribe:—of all Arabs the most ferocious. These Arabs, and the Fellahs, (whom, by the way, many of our countrymen are so ready to represent as friendly to the French and hostile to ourselves,) had taken the opportunity of attacking the vessel. The engagement was obstinate; but, at length, the inevitable catastrophe could be delayed no longer.

The commander, an Italian named Morandi, was a brave man: any fate appeared better than that which awaited him from an enemy so malignant. He set fire to the powder-magazine; the vessel blew up; Morandi perished in the Nile, and all of less nerve, who had previously reached the shore in

safety, were put to death, to the very last man, with cruelties the most detestable, by their human enemies. For all this Napoleon cared little: but one solitary fact there was in the report which struck him with consternation. This ill-fated *djerme*:—what was it called? It was called "*L'Italie*," and, in the name of the vessel, Napoleon read an augury of the fate which had befallen the Italian territory. Considered as a dependency of France, he felt certain that Italy was lost, and Napoleon was inconsolable. "But what possible connection," it was asked, "can exist between this vessel on the Nile and a remote peninsula of Southern Europe?" "No matter," replied Napoleon; "my presentiments never deceive me. You will see that all is ruined. I am satisfied that my Italy, my conquest, is lost to France." So, indeed, it was. All European news had long been intercepted by the English cruisers; but immediately after the battle with the

Vizier in July 1799, an English admiral first informed the French army of Egypt that Massena and others had lost all that Bonaparte had won in 1796.

But it is a strange illustration of human blindness, that this very subject of Napoleon's lamentation—this very campaign of 1799—it was, with its blunders and its long equipage of disasters, that paved the way for his own elevation to the Consulship, just seven calendar months from the receipt of that Egyptian despatch; , since most certainly, in the struggle of Brumaire 1799, doubtful and critical through every stage, it was the pointed contrast between his Italian campaigns and those of his successors which gave effect to Napoleon's pretensions with the political combatants, and which procured them a ratification amongst the people. The loss of Italy was essential to the full effect of Napoleon's previous conquest. That and the imbecile characters of Napoleon's chief military opponents were

the true keys to the great revolution of Brumaire. The stone which he rejected became the key-stone of the arch. So that, after all, he valued the omen falsely; though the very next news from Europe, courteously communicated by his English enemies, showed that he had interpreted its meaning rightly.

The following account has something of a lifelike character in it, which, of itself, seems to convince.

In proof of the authenticity of the sub-joined story, it may be stated that the maternal family of the lady communicating it has resided in or near Newbury, in Berkshire, since the time of the Civil Wars, when Lord Falkland was entertained at the house of her ancestor, a principal burgess of the town, on the eve of the first battle of Newbury, in 1643. Under the presentiment of his death, Lord Falkland requested that the sacrament might be

administered to him before retiring to rest, and that his host and the whole household might participate in the rite.

At the beginning of the last, or the close of the preceding century, a very skilful and eminent apothecary and surgeon resided in the outskirts of Newbury. Amongst his patients and acquaintance was an elderly maiden lady of slender fortune, and of a sour and miserly temper. An improvident brother died in difficulties, and his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was left to the grudging care of her aunt. The poor girl was deeply despondent at her change of circumstances, and fell ill. The good surgeon was called in, and speedily detected that the worst of the malady was mental.

Moved by pity, and doubtless deeply interested, one day when alone with her, prompted to it by the unkindness of her aunt, notwithstanding the extreme disparity of their years, the bachelor-surgeon

made the unhappy invalid an offer of marriage. The grateful young woman, after some little consideration, accepted. They were married, and for two years lived most happily; though the difference in their ages could not have been less than thirty years.

Time went on. The surgeon happened to receive a letter from an intimate friend who was settled in London as a physician. It was to ask, as a favour, that a young gentleman, in whom the writer felt peculiar interest, might be received, as an invalid, to board for some weeks in the family of his medical correspondent. The request was gladly granted. The strange gentleman from London took possession of an old-fashioned but comfortable bed-room over the usual sitting-room. He received every attention from the old surgeon and his amiable wife.

But to the latter, in the seclusion of her country life, this companionship and attend-

ance became dangerous. The invalid young man was attractive in person, and interesting in intellectual gifts. He was continually with his young companion ; who, on account of the business avocations of her good husband, was necessarily much alone. Unhappily, this young man, who by profession was a lawyer, had persuaded himself of many terrible Freethinking beliefs. Among others, the disbelief of a future state was uppermost in his mind. Much of his infidelity was impressed on the understanding of his companion, owing to the strong conviction which he, in his superior capacity, seemed to entertain of the impossibility of the survival of the soul after its separation from the body. He seemed to find a strange, sinister, and romantic interest in so beautiful and clever a pupil :—dignifying all with a reference to the unsouled enchantments of nature. Full of gods, though denying to the machine, man, a partaking of the splendours of their life. Sun, moon, and stars,

thus, became celebrants in a grand ministration in which man had no lot. Identity, hereafter, out of the sublime and unparticled General Life, being impossible, according to his theory.

This young man remained until the autumn arrived; and then having recovered his health under the skilful care extended to him, he returned to London and resumed his business. The unhappy young wife, now all alone and solitary, and missing her captivating companion, remained a prey to melancholy, and sank from low spirits into illness. The husband was grieved at the change which he saw in his wife, but never once suspected the cause.

Meantime the young man in London, who was consumptive but of great application, pursued his profession with such ardour that his health dreadfully gave way. He was advised to abandon business and to betake himself again into the country. Again was the doctor at Newbury applied

to; and, to the scarcely disguised joy of his wife, it was settled that the young lawyer should, for the second time, place himself under, almost, his fatherly care. Arrived in Newbury, the doctor saw that his friend and lodger was in a deplorable way:—in fact, that it was impossible that he could live long. The unhappy young man seemed, for the first time, to entertain a similar belief. Doubts and terror now arose as to his religious ideas: and what grieved him most, apparently, in his conversations with the wife, was the fear that he should have succeeded but too well in his infidel teaching. In this anxious and troubled frame of mind, he frequently repeated, that if he should die, and that if it were permitted for a departed spirit to give any such assurance, the warning of the reality of a future state, and of a final judgment, should in some manner be supplied, upon which doubts should be settled.

Some weeks of great bodily suffering,

and of much distress of mind, terminated in the young man's death:—sooner, by some time, than was anticipated. Ill, and thoroughly prostrated by her grief, and by this sad ending to her little interval of happiness, it was impossible, though she desired it extremely, for the young woman to follow the deceased to his grave. But the good, sorrowful doctor, eager to show every regard to the dead, made all in the house, except his wife, follow in the mournful procession to the churchyard—to that last home !

The afternoon was a glorious one, in June, on which the last sad ceremony was to take place. The ways of the town were silent, as is the custom, in a hot afternoon, in Midsummer, in the country. All was beauty and brightness without : the trees were covered with leaves ; the garden was full of flowers, though the walks of the garden, and the hot grass under the mossy, branching fruit-trees in the orchard, seemed a for-

bidden pleasantness where even woe might be luxurious. The distant, muffled toll of the church-bell in the hot air, and in the brilliant blue of the summer sky, filled with its mass of silver clouds, at long intervals, struck sadly on the ear. The long, country street, with its quaint houses, seemed asleep; there was only the occasional sound of birds; the sunshine "steeped in silentness the steady weathercocks." All was beautiful, but all was so sad!

The young wife was left alone in her grief, to sit, in an old chair of walnut-wood, in the wide bays of the old-fashioned, cross-barred window of the parlour. During the last weeks of the young man's illness, when he was assisted out of bed, he used to occupy—and sometimes for hours when he was in a condition to sustain the sitting-up—a large, padded chair, with a high back, which was placed near the window of his bedroom abovestairs. In the hollow of the arm of the chair, a large stick of the doctor's,

with an ivory head, was ordinarily placed ; in order, as bells were not in fashion at that time, (or at all events not in use in that part of the country,) that the invalid might summon his watchful young friend, below, in the sitting-room, if he wanted anything while the business of the house should keep her away. Three knocks of the stick on the floor were the signal of her being required in the sick man's room. And these were usually obeyed almost as soon as made. Familiar, indeed, were those three taps !

We have said that the poor young wife was left alone in the house on this sad afternoon, while all its other occupants were engaged at the funeral. The doors were all fast ; the sunshine was as bright as ever without ; the poor young woman's face was hidden in her hands in her grief ; all was silence in the lonely chambers of the house. When, suddenly, there were heard three loud and distinct knocks of the cane, in the room overhead, just heard in their natural

place near the window. The utmost astonishment—a feeling almost at the moment, strange as it may sound, of delight—caused the young woman to start to her feet. Without fear—for she had no fear *then*—she hastened upstairs—thrown quite off her balance of ideas; wanting, wishing, hoping, wondering:—dreaming she knew not what! For she seemed suddenly transported into a new world—one which was, yet, the real world! Entering the room abovestairs, she saw it all as usual: and on approaching the chair placed near the window, she discovered the cane leaning, in its accustomed place, in the hollow of the arm of the chair; though she as instantaneously remembered that she had, herself, that very morning placed it in a distant corner. Alas! there were changes, that morning, in that room!

When her husband, and the others, returned after the funeral, they found the young woman in a state difficult to describe, walking, in the orchard, at as great a

distance as possible from the house. How much she recounted of the extraordinary incident detailed above, we are scarcely prepared to say, nor how greatly her future life was influenced by that which seemed so unmistakably to her the redemption of the momentous pledge. But the whole affair produced a most profound impression.

Whether the above story be true or not, we cannot say. We have simply given it in the same form in which it has reached us. It has all the subsidiary proofs of being genuine.

We proceed, now, with some particulars of events which are faithfully and historically true.

At a most unlikely period for the realisation of such a prophecy, as Southey, in his *Life of Lord Nelson*, relates, an Irish Franciscan, settled in Naples, on the arrival of his Lordship after the great battle of the 1st of August, 1798, declared

that it was the fate of the English Admiral to reduce Rome with his ships. Nelson, on reminding Father M'Cormack that ships could not ascend the Tiber, was met by the asseveration that, however seemingly impossible, the occurrence was, nevertheless, to take place. All laughed at what was derided as the sanguine, though patriotic, supposed-sort-of-forecasting of the Friar. Strangely to say, after a circuitous concatenation of circumstances, the prediction, after the lapse of about a year, was verified. A capitulation was concluded, for all the Roman States, by the French, with Sir Thomas Troubridge and Captain Louis. The latter proceeded up the Tiber in the men-of-war boats. Lord Nelson's naval colours were floated over the Capitol; and though not literally (however practically), Nelson's ships did really take Rome.

The main facts in the subjoined are placed beyond doubt.

The chivalrous and celebrated Ponia-towski, general under the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and who distinguished himself greatly in the disastrous Imperial expedition into Russia in 1812, was many years before, in early life, present, with a company of friends, at a sort of summer picnic, in one of the forests of Germany. Distributing through the woods, a gipsy at last fell in their way, who, being engaged for the purpose, after revealing the fortunes of the other persons, came at last to the Prince. He was prevailed on, with difficulty, to have his fortune told. "Prince," said the sibyl, "I see a changeful life, with a singular ending. It is a termination which I can scarcely understand. You will feel it such, when I pronounce that it is denoted that an '*Elster*' is to be your cause of death." The laugh was sudden and universal; for the word *elster*, in German, signifies a magpie. The circumstances of the death of the Prince

Poniatowski will be recalled : how, at the terrible retreat which was necessitated after the succession of the fierce battles at Leipsic in 1813, mounted on a fiery charger, he leaped into the narrow river which, on that dreadful occasion, cut off the retreat of important portions of the French army : how, seen buffeting, for a moment, with the rushing and turbulent water (then extraordinarily swollen, for the stream is usually of inconsiderable width), he sank to rise no more ;—finding his death in that precisely predicted as to occasion it. For the name of that fatal stream, causing destruction to the French retiring divisions, and entailing the loss of the gallant and unhappy Poniatowski, was Elster.

Henry II., of France, read some years *before* the event a description of that tournament, on the marriage of the Scottish Queen with his eldest son, Francis II., which proved fatal to himself, through

the awkwardness of the Comte de Montgomery. Of Henry IV., of France, who succeeded upon the assassination of his brother-in-law, we have the peremptory assurance of Sully and other Protestants, countersigned by writers historical and controversial, that not only was he prepared, by many warnings, for his own tragical death,—not only was the day—the hour, prefixed,—not only was an almanack sent to him, in which the bloody summer's day of 1610 was pointed out to his attention in bloody colours; but the mere record of the King's last afternoon shows, beyond a doubt, the extent and the punctual limitation of his anxieties. In fact, it is to this attitude of listening expectation in the King, and breathless waiting for the blow, that Schiller alludes in that fine speech of Wallenstein to his sister, where he notices the funeral knells that sounded continually in Henry's ears, and, above all, his prophetic instinct, that caught the sound from a far

distance of his murderer's motions, and could distinguish, amidst all the tumult of a mighty capital, those stealthy steps—

——“ Which even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.”

Herod Agrippa was grandson of Herod the Great. St. Paul made his famous apology, at Cæsarea, before him. This Agrippa, overwhelmed by debts, had fled from Palestine to Rome in the latter years of Tiberius. His mother's interest with the widow of Germanicus procured him a special recommendation to her son, Caligula. Viewing this child and heir of the popular Germanicus as the rising sun, Agrippa had been too free in his language. True, the uncle of Germanicus was the reigning prince; but he was old, and breaking up. True, the son of Germanicus was not yet on the throne; but he soon would be; and Agrippa was rash enough to call the Emperor a *superannuated old*

fellow, and even to wish for his death. Sejanus was now dead and gone ; but there was no want of spies : and a certain Macro reported his words to Tiberius. Agrippa was in consequence arrested ; the Emperor himself condescending to point out the noble Jew to the officer on duty. The case was a gloomy one, if Tiberius should happen to survive much longer : and the story of the omen proceeds thus : —“ Now Agrippa stood in his bonds before the Imperial palace and in his affliction leaned against a certain tree, upon the bough of which it happened that a bird had alighted which the Romans call *bubo*, or the owl. All this was steadfastly observed by a German prisoner, who asked a soldier what might be the name and offence of that man habited in purple. Being told that the man’s name was Agrippa, and that he was a Jew of high rank, who had given a personal offence to the Emperor, the German asked permission to go near and address him ; which being granted, he

spoke thus:—‘ This disaster, I doubt not, young man, is trying to your heart; and perhaps you will not believe me when I announce to you, beforehand, the providential deliverance which is impending. However, this much I will say—and for my sincerity let me appeal to my native gods, as well as to the gods of this Rome, who have brought us both into trouble—that no selfish objects prompt me to this revelation—for a revelation it is, and to the following effect:—It is fated that you shall not long remain in chains. Your deliverance will be speedy; you shall be raised to the very highest rank and power; you shall be the object of as much envy as now you are of pity; you shall retain your prosperity till death; and you shall transmit that prosperity to your children. But’—— and there the German paused. Agrippa was agitated; the bystanders were attentive; and after a time, the German, pointing solemnly to the bird, proceeded thus:—

‘ But this remember heedfully—that, when next you see the bird which now perches above your head, you will have only five days longer to live! This event will be surely accomplished by that same mysterious god who has thought fit to send the bird as a warning sign; and you, when you come to your glory, do not forget me that foreshadowed it in your humiliation.’ ”

The story adds, that Agrippa affected to laugh when the German concluded; after which it goes on to say, that in a few weeks, being delivered by the death of Tiberius; being released from prison by the very prince on whose account he had incurred the risk; being raised to a tetrarchy, and afterwards to the kingdom of all Judea; coming into all the prosperity which had been promised to him by the German; and not losing any part of his interest at Rome through the assassination of his patron Caligula,—he began to look back respectfully to the words of the

German, and forward with anxiety to the second coming of the bird. Seven years of sunshine had now slipped away as silently as a dream. A great festival, shows and vows, were on the point of being celebrated in honour of Claudius Cæsar, at Strato's Tower, otherwise called Cæsarea, the Roman metropolis of Palestine. Duty and policy alike required that the King of the land should go down and unite in this mode of religious homage to the Emperor. He did so; and on the second morning of the festival, by way of doing more conspicuous honour to the great solemnity, he assumed a very sumptuous attire of silver armour, burnished so highly as to throw back a dazzling glare from the sun's morning beams upon the upturned eyes of the vast multitude around him. Immediately from the sycophantish part of the crowd, of whom a vast majority were Pagans, ascended a cry of glorification as to some manifestation of Deity. Agrippa, gratified by this success of his new apparel, and by this

flattery, not unusual in the case of kings, had not the firmness, although a Jew, and conscious of the wickedness, greater in himself than in the heathen crowd, to reject the blasphemous homage. Voices of adoration continued to ascend. When suddenly, looking upward to the vast awning prepared for screening the audience from the noonday heats, the King perceived the same ominous bird which he had seen at Rome in the day of his affliction, seated quietly, and looking down upon himself. In that same moment an icy pang shot through his intestines. He was removed into the palace; and at the end of five days, completely worn out by pain, Agrippa expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the seventh of his sovereign power.

If we should resort to the fixed and monumental rather than to the accidental auguries of distinguished individuals and of great nations—such, for instance, as were embodied in those Palladia, or protesting

talismans, which capital cities, whether Pagan or Christian, glorified through a period of twenty-five hundred years, we shall find a long succession of these enchanted pledges, from the earliest precedent of Troy (whose palladium was undoubtedly a talisman), down to that equally memorable, and bearing the same name, at Western Rome. We may pass, by a vast transition of two and a half millenia, to that great talisman of Constantinople, the triple serpent (having, perhaps, an original reference to the Mosaic serpent of the wilderness, which healed the infected by the simple act of looking upon it, as the symbol of the Redeemer, held aloft upon the Cross for the deliverance from moral contagion). This great consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by Pagan, and by Mahometan, was struck on the head by Mahomet II., on that same day, May 29th of 1453, in which he mastered by storm this glorious city, the bulwark of eastern Christendom, and the immediate rival of

his own European throne at Adrianople. But mark the superfetation of omens — omen supervening upon omen, augury engrafted upon augury. The hour was a sad one for Christianity : just 720 years before the western horn of Islam had been rebutted in France by the Germans, chiefly under Charles Martel.

But now it seemed as though another horn, even more vigorous, was preparing to assault Christendom and its hopes from the eastern quarter. At this epoch, in the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical Sultan, riding to his stirrups in blood, and wielding that iron mace which had been his sole weapon, as well as cognizance, through the battle, advanced to the column, round which the triple serpent soared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman ; he shattered one head ; he left it mutilated as the record of his great revolution ; but crush it, destroy it, he did not—as a symbol pre-

figuring the fortunes of Mahometanism, his people noticed, that in the critical hour of fate, which stamped the Sultan's acts with efficacy through ages, he had been prompted by his secret genius only to "scotch the snake," not to crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mahometan prophecies about the Adrianople gate of Constantinople, to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all its insolence.

The very haughtiest of the Mussulmans believe that the gate is already in existence, through which the red Giaours (the *Russi*) shall pass to the conquest of Stamboul; and that everywhere, in Europe at least, the hat of Frangistan is destined to surmount the turban—the Crescent must go down before the Cross.

It may be asked, indeed, in relation to the realisation of prophecy at however remote a date from the period of promulgation, and

however unlikely in the changes, and in the settlements, of kingdoms, whether in the year 1853 there was not very near approach made to the annihilation of the power of the Moslem ; and whether, substantially, and as prognostic of something else, this was not effected. Perhaps in that great war which so nearly extinguished the royalty of the Turks in Europe, was only inaugurated the "beginning of an end," and that the fall dates from that epoch, as the first act of a drama, the catastrophe of which, at no distant date, is yet to be realised.

A Greek monk of 1453 is said to have predicted the endurance of the Moslem rule, at Constantinople, for four hundred years. It may happen that the complete display of this pre-denotement was, in the war in Turkey of 1853, only opening out : as the celestial sphere, from the luminous half-ring, silently and sublimely discloses, into wider proportion, until it revolves into the full.

A gentleman, residing in the north of England, who, we believe, had never been in London, is stated to have had revealed to him, some months before the event, the whole circumstances accompanying the assassination of Mr. Percival, the English Prime Minister, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, by Bellingham, in 1812. So impressed was this gentleman by his dream, that, though dissuaded on every hand—almost thought mad—by his neighbours, and generally laughed at for his credulity, he set out, for London, with the intention of warning the Minister of the imminent peril which was hanging over him. After—of course, with such a tale—vain attempts to obtain access to Mr. Percival, the gentleman returned, disappointed, to the country. And, in due time, he, and all England, were shocked by the intelligence that verified this, his so mysterious pre-disclosure.

George Canning and Huskisson, the mi-

nisters, and Lord Londonderry, whose fates were, each, very melancholy, were said, in company together, in Paris, some years before, to have been shown the circumstance of their deaths by some adept whom they were induced, in a sudden fit of disbelieving curiosity, to consult.

The future exalted rank of the Empress Josephine was foretold her, when a young girl, in the house of her father, the planter, in the West Indies, by an old negress, skilled in *Obi*. It was said that her fate foreshowed that she was not only to become a queen, but, of all unlikelihoods, that she was, yet, to find her end in a hospital. How she became Empress of France all the world knows. Josephine died at the palace of Malmaison, which—like our own St. James'—had been originally a hospital.

Lord Nelson left his favourite retreat,

Merton, never again to return, alive, to England, on the night of Friday, September 13th, 1805. Passing through London, he is said to have called at Banting's, his upholsterer's, to see after the condition of the famous coffin deposited with them, presented to Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, by the Captain of the *Swiftsure*, Benjamin Hallowell, and made out of the mainmast of the ill-fated French Admiral's ship, *L'Orient*. His remark, jocosely, to the foreman who showed the coffin to him, was that he had looked in because, as he was going to fight a great battle, he thought he might want it. It was his last look at his own last habitation.

On Saturday, the 19th October, there neither being any appearance or intelligence of such a thing, Nelson came on deck, at an early hour, and declared that the enemy had put to sea. No signal, to that effect, had been made by the look-out frigates. Both the signal-Lieutenant, Pascoe, and

Captain Hardy, went to the masthead with their glasses, but could detect nothing. About an hour afterwards, a signal-gun announced that the enemy had made his appearance really out of port, as nearly as possible at the time that Nelson had asserted that they had so done. Both Captain Hardy and Dr. Scott, Chaplain of the ship and Foreign-Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed, aver that, several times previously—though appearances were against it—his Lordship had declared that the 21st was to be the day of battle. All the world remembers the hero's parting farewell to Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, as the latter, on betaking himself to his ship at the commencement of this magnificent battle, stepped over the side of the Admiral's vessel. As yet the *Victory*, under a cloud of sail—with studding-sails out on either side—was, in the light wind, drifting down sluggishly, but majestically, towards the

distant, formidable enemy :—now only seen in the shifting light, or occasionally lost in the *silent smokes* of the early morning. “God bless you, Blackwood !” exclaimed Nelson, shaking hands with the Captain of the *Euryalus* as the latter lingered affectionately in his withdrawal :—“I shall never speak to you again !” “Twenty” was the number of ships for which, in the clouds of death, the great Admiral declared to Captain Hardy, in his rendering himself the so-seeming willing sacrifice, he had mysteriously “bargained.” And—strange to say !—*twenty* was exactly the number of French and Spanish men-of-war which, when, in the thunder of battle and amidst the deafening cheers of the British crews at the discomfiture of the enemy, Nelson expired, had struck their colours to the English St. George’s cross ! Ever-living and glorious blazon !

On the 11th of June, 1815, the gallant

Sir Thomas Picton, General of the famous "Fighting Fifth"—the infantry division which, in the Peninsula campaigns, on account of its great and daring bravery, had earned that proud appellation—embarked, from England, to join the army, under the Duke of Wellington, in the Netherlands. Before starting, he encountered a friend, to whom he confided his persuasion that he should never return. "But when you are told of my death," said he, "you will hear of a tremendous day." Picton was evidently under a pre-impression, not only of his own part in the struggle and of his fate in it, but of the effects of the battle generally. Of the fearful fight at Waterloo, the brave Picton's fate was to supply one of the most striking and grand episodes.

The dealings of Providence are very visible in the destiny of the great northern novelist. All the labours of Sir Walter Scott—all his unceasing attention—were

directed to one object. The founding of a family, and the permanent settlement and the firmest high placing of them, were his constant designs. To the best of his ability, as it may be expressed, he threw his nets over the future. In his complacent goodness of heart, and in his too careful regard of his duties—for even our duties may grow soulless and into platitudes—he took “over too much” thought of the morrow. Never was wish more completely disappointed than his hope of worldlily perpetuating his honours. Never was policy more distinctly reversed than his seemingly so thoroughly prudent and praiseworthy contrivances. Of the once numerous members of his family, not one remains. His relations and connections; his possessions, and the distinctions which were heaped upon him—all but his fame—are nearly, if not quite obliterated. And, at so soon a period as this present, 1859, all the *solids* of the man, Scott—all the marks of his feet, as we may say, about

this marketable and merchantable real world of ours—have melted into the undying splendours, alone, of that intangible and lost thing, his mind. Men die, and leave names—lightly held at the time—but which grow into suns! Surely the facts of the career of Scott, and the melancholy story of the family of, even, this most eminent and prosperous of men, furnish a wholesome lesson. Supplying, as it were, a sort of remonstrant quieting, not only to the class literary, but to every class. Be we not, indeed, over eager for reputation or money!

The ill-fated *Amazon*, West India mail-packet, which was burnt at sea, a few years since, most of the passengers being lost; and the *Birkenhead*, transport, which left England, for the Cape of Good Hope, full of troops, who, in the greater number, as will be remembered, nobly perished, victims to discipline, even in rank, on deck,—left, respectively, the ports of Southampton and

of Portsmouth on the same day—a *Friday*. The sad fates of both of these great ships are well known. And a singular circumstance is to be noted as occurring, after the disaster, to each, as indicative, yet, of a strange commingling and crossing of their fates. An English vessel of war, of the name of the *Amazon*, then sailing from Table-Bay to England, returned, to the port from which they set out, the survivors of the *Birkenhead*: and some of the escaped passengers of the *Amazon* were landed at Birkenhead next Liverpool. Thus names, places, and ships had a remarkable and coincident connection. The proper Captain of the *Amazon*, also, was saved, as by an extraordinary interposition, by the fact, only, that, the day before the sailing of his ship, he was seized with too serious illness to assume her command.

Cruising too near the shore, at the outset of the Russian war of 1854, the English

steam-frigate *Tiger*, commanded by Captain Giffard, fell under the batteries at Odessa, shoaled, and was destroyed. Captain Giffard was killed ; being the first English captain who was slain in the war in the Black Sea. Almost at the same time, in the Baltic, the Captain of the *Leopard*, a sort of twin war-vessel of the English navy named after the beasts of the forest, was accidentally drowned, in his boat, in the harbour of Königsberg, we believe, when returning, in a rough sea, from business on shore. What should the name of the captain appointed to succeed in the command of the *Leopard* be, but that very one of the late Captain of the *Tiger* ?—Giffard. Thus *Tiger* and *Leopard* yielded, the one in the south, the other in the north, the first English captain to fall in that terrible war. And in the persons of their captains, coupled (bracketed, as it were,) in the same violent fates, were the associations of the two ships—*Leopard* and *Tiger*—strangely and yet similarly inter-

changed. This, to say the least, is a remarkable coincidence.

Captain Butler, who so valorously defended and fell at Silistria, in his journey, from England, overland, into Turkey, encountered a series of the most extraordinary, and even ridiculous, hindrances and accidents. These were from passports, loss of luggage and of papers, bodily mischance, even, of some serious moment, and crosses innumerable. We remember that the succession of these accidents was so strange and unaccountable as, even at the anxious time itself, almost to excite laughter. This notable thwarting—mysterious as it be—on certain occasions, has been matter of remark in all ages. And the moral is, that the singular coincidences, as they are called, ought always to strike attention, though they may not be even obeyed. For the warnings may be projected from a beneficent direction, though we are ignorant of the reasons why they shall

not be more frequently effectual. Indeed, they only seem to be thrown out, as signals, to those who—by their gift—are competent to read them, and seriously impressed enough, by their experience, to profit by them.

The day after the Neapolitan exiles, who arrived in London in March, 1859, after years of confinement in the King of Naples' dungeons with every conceivable cruelty, sailed, under guard, in a Neapolitan frigate, to be put on board an American vessel for the United States, from which ship they rescued themselves:—the very day after the forced expatriation of these unfortunate gentlemen, there accidentally entered the harbour of Naples a United States ship—from the very country to which they were banished—and bearing back ominously the very name, to the Neapolitan King, of the chief among them—Poerio. We quote on the authority of the *Times* newspaper.

Lord Byron quitted Leghorn, on his last journey into Greece, on a *Friday*; a day respecting which he had always entertained a prejudice. Outside of the harbour he encountered very stormy weather, and he was forced to put back. He came ashore and returned to his palace, which, in the superstitious view as to the ill-omen always accompanying returns, he should, of all things, have avoided. He was said to have been seen in London walking down Pall Mall, at the very time of his lamented decease in Missolonghi; and the seer, an old friend, could hardly be persuaded of his error.—The apparition of Shelley, a few days before his death, by the upsetting of his boat, in a sudden squall, on the Italian coast, is stated to have been seen by several of his friends who were seated, in the open air, after dinner, as coming out of a wood at a short distance from them. Two are declared to have been so prepossessed with the reality of what they witnessed—although

they knew it to be impossible—as to have called after him. To which, however, he seemed to pay no attention.

The late Duke of Wellington was especially curious and particular as to his collection of portraits of the Lords Warden; which, as far as possible, in unbroken succession, down to that of himself, was preserved upon the walls of the Duke's private gallery in Walmer Castle. A very short while before his death, in September, 1852, the Grand Duchess Augusta of Mecklenburg Strelitz, with her husband, the Grand Duke, in their return home to Germany, from a brief visit to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, paused, for a day's stay, with the Duke of Wellington, at Walmer. On her farewell, the Grand Duchess asked of the Duke of Wellington the last favour of his picture, and she enquired "which, of all his numerous portraits, he reckoned the most like?" "This is the only one,"

exclaimed the Duke, with characteristic bluntness; "and alone to your Royal Highness, who has honoured me by the question, would I give it." The Lord Warden took down his own picture, which was a moderate-sized engraving, and the last in the row, upon the wall, of that honourable company. But in so doing—accepting, as it were, in a moment, his fate—he prefigured—so soon to follow—another, and an infinitely more significant, blank. So anxious seemed the Duke, afterwards, about this picture, though he was the last man in the world of whom superstition could be assumed, that he immediately sent and reiterated orders to Messrs. Graves, the publishers of the engraving, to forward him another copy, so that he might replace the picture upon the ominous, reproachful, and vacant place. Before the order, however, could be executed, all the purposes of it were superseded. And all England was moved by the intelligence of the death of the great commander

himself. In the Roman view of augury, the above was a too significant act.

What connection can, even, the fancy of the mysterious gather between the two following, apparently, merely coincident, and, yet, remarkable facts? The first officer who fell in the last before the recent (1854) British Baltic expedition—that, namely, under Sir Hyde Parker, in 1801—was named Carrington. The first officer, it will be remembered, who fell, in the Baltic, in that unpromising and impolitic war with the Emperor Nicholas of Russia which was terminated by the peace of 1856, was Lieutenant Carrington: who, in a hostile raid on the Baltic coasts, was shot, in the breast, in the men-of-war's boats which were despatched to a fruitless attack on the little town of Gamla Carleby in the Gulf of Bothnia. Both belonged to a family of Carringtons who, in the military, naval, or other departments, have long served their country.

Some of the above instances will go a very long way in proving that, not only is the term coincidence — which is continually so loosely used—very little understood, but that, in the whole range of subjects which is marked-up by the word, there is a great deal more than is supposed. Yes, and a great deal more of the supernatural, than, in the modern self-conceit of our own judgments, we choose—or think it safe—to allow.

Of all the parts of the magnificent palace designed by Inigo Jones for the First Charles, comprising six squares of building, each as large, as striking, and as noble as the remaining Banqueting House at Whitehall, and the whole enclosing courts of stately dimensions, that portion, only, was erected which, on the cold 30th of January, 1648, served as the sort of kingly stone-background before which was raised the republican scaffold ; and through a window of which stepped out the intended royal-builder and occupant himself—the

deposed, and then to-be-beheaded, King! The first blood shed in the unhappy Civil War of which the slaying of the King was the fearful consummation, fell, before this very building, in a petty squabble between a crowd of citizens and some of the guards of the king on the occasion of the presentation of a petition, when a man was unintentionally killed. And the last libation—as the ancients would express it—of blood was poured out, as the appeasing sacrifice, in the decapitation of Charles on the very same spot, exactly eight years afterwards.

Nor—strange to say—are there wanting, at this moment, prefigurations of great events—very extraordinary events—soon, as intimated, to arrive in the future history of this instant and present happy reign. Alike as in the past course of history—warning signs upon the clouds which enshroud the future—are there tokens and illumination of oncoming things in the towards-us-speeding

career of this our great England! Let us hope for no change in the fate of our excellent and so-far highly prosperous Victoria.

That omens are possible—that prophecy is a thing which no new dispensation has abrogated—that “coming events” do really and in truth cast their temporary, or more, in time, their broadly lurid “shadows before”—that the future can be read in the signs of the present:—that, in short, whether for warning, or for any other purpose of which we must necessarily be ignorant, the foreknowledge of “that to be” is within the compass of the competent penetration, it is the whole design, scope, and intention of this book to proclaim. But as equally true as that such foreshadowing of most unlikely and unimagined things is possible (as it were, in the anticipatory magical sensitiveness of nature); as equally sure as this, is the certainty that, if disclosed, they would be disbelieved. Deeply founded is the conviction that their divulgement, as the precasting of God’s purposes—except for

the holiest and the best of reasons—is disallowed.

We will no farther—because we do not think it proper—enlighten the curious as to what certain contemporaneous tokens, in our judgment, speak as being in our English future.

But we think we could !

CHAPTER VIII.

The electric network of nature. Sympathy and antipathy. Strange physiological facts. Trance and ecstasy. Summary.

OUR book is one professedly to transcend out of the real into the ideal. The task which we have set ourselves, is to make it impossible for men to contradict miracle. In our preceding chapters, and down to this point, we have supplied a strange variety of accounts of the marvellous, dealing with facts, and supported by the testimony of names. We have been familiar amidst familiar scenes. We have spread, as it were, the base; we have pieced together, as it were, that floor, upon which, in the after part of our book, we propose to raise the structure of the one, supposed, universal religion. That to which

the realists, in their various fashions, reach. If you would conquer an enemy, you must make yourself master of his weapons. And vanquish him with them.

But we, now, leave the facts—descending, however, occasionally into them—of this mere man's world. And, in our necessary transcending (to depose this idol HUMAN REASON, which fights against religion, from its usurped pedestal): in our proper rising past physics into that unknown thing beyond, supporting physics, and out of the laws of the intelligence into that universal something upon which, as it were, the congregate mind-powers are *painted*:—from the stand-point of the real, we say, we set our lever under that which, by widening, we propose to lift. So long as men shall have human-reason in their favour, it is supposed that they must be all right. But some sections following are devoted—apart from their illustration—to the showing that this thing human-reason is misunderstood. That it can be taken to

pieces just as completely as any other object of analysis;—that it can be broken down from about the figure of the infidel. And that, in the higher knowledge, even through his own rules, he can be stripped of his matter until he be left, “in the spirit,” with his own God-illuminated consciousness that it is only miracle which has there rapt him! It is only his own inattention which makes the disbeliever.

Nature is full of wonders. And we seem to be only at the beginning of them. “The truth seems to be that all impressions made on the senses are intended, like the knocking and ringing of bells, to bring the inhabitant of the house to his doors, or otherwise to enter into some correspondence with him. Or to adopt, perhaps, a truer simile, all material impressions are as matrices, formed from moment to moment for the metal of the spirit to flow in. Colour, form, sound, in all their infinite variety, as nature impresses them on the senses, are as the “properties”

of the little theatre in which the spirit—*the veritable man*—acts his part, and upon which he is ever exercising the æsthetic power which comes to him from a higher source. The whole nervous system, and the brain with its various chambers of imagery, make up the state in which the man-spirit dwells; and he has free access to every part, so that at pleasure he may look out of the eyes; listen in the labyrinth of the ears, and seek his pleasure in a thousand ways in other parts of his dominions. The real man is already present in eternity, and only his material body in time. His prerogative is to create. Imaginations, thoughts, ideas, and even sensations, are his footsteps. Light flashes and fire glows where he treads along the electric network of the marvellous human system. In the presence of the man, the intelligent sovereign of all this beautiful framework, the sensual images, the impressions and affections borrowed from nature, fall into courtier-like ranks, and submit them-

selves to his magic sceptre. Something like this is expressed in the dramatic symbol of Esau and Jacob, Gen. xxxiii. : 'Then the handmaidens came near, they and their children, and they bowed themselves. And Leah also with her children came near and bowed themselves : and after came Joseph near and Rachel, and they bowed themselves.'"

"Of sympathy and antipathy we may say that this subject is more often treated poetically than traced to its causes by the philosopher. Yet there can be no doubt that sympathy is due to a correspondence of organization, and antipathy to the contrary. It would even seem that nature as a whole contains the same spirit, diffused through all its parts, and breathing freely in its living waters, trees, and flowers, that is also compressed and hidden in the microcosm of every mortal being. The softest breathing of this universal spirit moves the heart with as much magic potency as the wildest rush of the winds, for

the counterpart of every passion to which man is subject dwells in the bosom of his mother nature. Her smiles are as *his* joys ; her clouds and rains as *his* sorrows ; and her mountain heights, crowned with wood, or towering up bare and rugged into the clear sky, are as *his* sublime aspirations. The shadows of evening, softening the reflection of the woods and hills in the still waters, are as the emblematic pictures of his quiet thoughts ; and, while he muses, the same melancholy and subdued sense of happiness seems to unite the soul of nature and man in a mutual calm.

“ This sensibility is not imaginary. Paracelsus has an observation full of meaning. ‘ In dreams,’ he says, ‘ a man is like the plants.’ By inversion, therefore, may we not say *the plants and flowers are like men in dreams?* Nature is no more to be regarded as an empty sepulchre, than the organization of the human body, which is the peculiar dwelling and instrument of the

spirit. The intellectual world ensouls the natural: 'all is life and movement,' says Wirdig; 'everything approximates to its like, and removes from that which is unlike as the magnet does.' So Van Helmont: 'The magnetism of all things called lifeless is but the natural feeling of accordance.' So good old Jacob Boehmen: 'Nature is as a prepared instrument of music, upon which the will's spirit playeth; what strings he toucheth, they sound according to their property.' So Agrippa: 'The operations of this world have their foundation partly in the substantial forms of bodies, partly in the powers of heaven, partly in spiritual things, and ultimately in the primal forms of the original image. Influences only go forth through the help of the spirit; but this spirit is diffused through the whole universe, and is in full accord with the human spirit. Through the sympathy of similar and the antipathy of dissimilar things, all creation hangs together.' So again

were a virgin. Several times she passed upon him, and watching him with the fingers of young girls, and he said, "It is fault." He himself is not a young man, but he will not be so young, and hand and hearing her speak, and a certain pronouncement whether she was married or not?" (P. 116) But more to the purpose is the following extract from the same pages:—

"Our acquisitions and sensations are most unaccountable necessities of the nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and unaccountable in will or power. Certain anticipations seem to be a peculiarity of the senses. The words inspired by the vision of certain things may be referred to the same—of which the powerful as to realize the more actual."

—The end of the world is near.

For America...
 ...
 ...
 ...



Swedenborg: 'Everything in nature and the world is produced by the influx and presence of the things of the heavenly world.' In fine, it is this magical relationship that the Hebrews sought to express in their ten-fold Sephiroth, where we see eternity represented under beauty, beauty under mercy, mercy under strength, and strength under understanding. It is the poet's secret, and the philosopher's despair."

Millingen, in his work on 'The Passions,' has thrown out such hints on sympathy and antipathy as *organization* affords; and he has a note on the sensibility of plants, which he traces to an excess of irritability. He discerns the law of attraction and repulsion likewise, and remarks on its extension to the affections. What can be more remarkable than this?—"In the hospital of the blind in Paris, called 'Les Quinze-vingt,' there was a pensioner, who by the touch of a woman's hands and nails, and their odour, could infallibly assert if she

were a virgin: several tricks were played upon him, and wedding-rings put on the fingers of young girls, but he never was at fault." He himself, he says, "knew a young man, born blind, who, on feeling a lady's hand and hearing her speak, could invariably pronounce whether she was handsome or not." (P. 105.) But more to our present purpose is the following extract from the same pages:—

"Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odour of certain flowers may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realise the poetic allusion to

'Die of a rose, in aromatic pain.'

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower

was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Voltaire gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon-ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when she touched the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records the case of a man who experienced a natu-

ral abhorrence of honey ; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute ; and Shakspeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water ; Scaliger turned pale on the sight of water-cresses ; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish ; the Duke d'Epemon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect ; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox, Henry III. of France at that of a cat, and Marshal D'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known." (Pp. 101-103.) "Such examples might be indefinitely extended. As to the last instance, a curious reason for the antipathy is cited by Brand from the 'Tractat. de Butyro' of M. Schook ; it is to the effect that when a nurse conceives again during the process of suckling, her milk

turns *cheesy*, and the child is so disgusted with the flavour, that the aversion remains during its whole lifetime." (Vol. ii., p. 387.)

"Sympathies, that cannot be gratified, become *longings*, often ungovernable. Instances of this kind are generally cited under the head of depraved appetite." "We see chlorotic girls and pregnant women eating chalk, charcoal, tar, spiders;—nay, the most disgusting substances. A woman, at Andernach on the Rhine, is said to have longed for her husband, and to have murdered and ate him. If these strange demonstrations are thought remarkable in reasonable beings, what shall we say of Van Helmont's asseveration, that beer ferments when the hops and barley are in bloom, and that wine is agitated, in the spring, when the vine begins to blossom? The same writer mentions an enviable herb, the properties of which, only to hear mentioned, must cheer the heart of many a woe-begone lover: 'Warm it whilst thou crushest it in thy

hand; then take the hand of another, and hold it till it is warm, and this person will have a great liking for thee for several days.'”

But the most wonderful cases of sympathy, in nature, are those by which we shall be naturally led to the consideration of *sympathetic cures*. The popular superstition of the child's caul is so well known that we need but mention it in this place. Does the old proverb about “swallowing a hair of the dog which has bit you,” mean that, for cure, you should, really, partake of the very thing which has wrought you mischief?

That extended, encircling twilight-world which everywhere would seem as the *penumbra* of the full light, and of the central sun of the healthy human mind (in which other things than close things are dimmed), has been, by philosophers, faintly caught an idea of, as not only the conqueror of the possibility of chance to man (as containing everything to happen to him), but also as a dawn in which everything is, but

only not yet arrived at. The future lifting from off us as the darkness of the night, and leaving us objects.

Are the dying always clairvoyant? The reader of the Iliad is aware how the poet has made his expiring heroes utter predictions against their enemies. The same thing is common to the poetry and romance—and, we may add, the history—of other nations. It is a part of the truth of nature to which Shakspeare was so sensitively alive. The patriarchs of Scripture, likewise, utter predictions on their death-bed. Ennemoser has a few words on this subject. When Calanus ascended the burning funeral pile, and Alexander asked him if he were in need of anything, he replied, "Nothing. The day after tomorrow I shall see you;" which was verified by subsequent events. Posidonius mentions a dying Rhodian who named six persons, one after the other, in the order in which they were to die. Plutarch draws

the following conclusion:—"It is not probable that, in death, the soul gains new powers which it was not before possessed of when the mind was confined with the chains of the body; but it is much more probable that these powers were always in being, though dimmed and clogged by the body; and the soul is only then able to practise them when the corporeal bonds are loosened, and the drooping limbs and stagnant juices no longer oppress it." Aretæus uses almost the same words:—"Until the soul is set free, it works, within the body, obscured by vapours and clay." Modern examples may be met with in Werner, *Symbolik der Sprache*. Older ones are collected by Sauvages, *Nosologia Methodica*, tom. iv.; Quellonaz, *De Divinationibus Medicis*, Freiburg, 1723; Janites, *Dissertatio de Somnis Medicis*, Argentinati, 1720; and particularly by M. Alberti, *Dissertat. de Vaticiniis Ægrotorum*, Halæ, 1724.

Colquhoun (History of Magic, vol. ii.,

p. 217) suggests that the dying sometimes go off in a kind of magnetic trance. This is unquestionable ; but, for sometimes, we should be inclined to read *always*, though the signs may not be outwardly visible.

The gases and vapours by which the priests of old became extatic, or which were used upon the oracles, may be classed among the narcotics. The most violent convulsions were even then connected with somnambulism, as in the case of the Priestess of Apollo, at Delphi. Incense, and the bewildering dances of the Turkish dervishes, also produce dizziness and prophetic visions, similar to those observed in the priests of antiquity—in the Sabaism of the Canaanites, in the service of Baal, in the Indian Schiwa and Kali, in the Phœnician Moloch, in the Bacchanalian festivals of the Greeks and Romans, and, at the present day, among the Lapps and Finns.

The highest step, in the system of visions, is extasy—a removal from the world of the

senses, so that the subject of the visions remains in a purely internal world, mostly without external participation. A certain natural disposition is necessary to the higher state of extasy; but it may be produced by outward and artificial means. Persons of great imagination, with an excitable nervous system and of impressible temperament, and particularly those of a religious turn of mind, are especially inclined to natural extasy. Poets and artists, as well as enthusiasts who are sunk in religious contemplations, are often thrown into an extatic state by very slight causes. Those ideas which float so constantly around them form their world of the spirit; and, on the contrary, the real world is, to them, but a field on which the invisible ideas are reflected, or they carry its impressions, with them, to the realms of the mind. Poets and artists, therefore, often possess, in common with those persons who are naturally inclined to abnormal convulsions, an easily,

excited temperament. "For in the inner recesses of the mind," says Cicero, "is divine prophecy hidden and confined, as the soul, without reference to the body, may be moved by a divine impulse." "Without this extasy," Democritus maintains, "there can be no poet;" in which Plato also agrees. It was thus that the painter Angelico da Fiesole often fell into extatic states while painting and had in them ideal visions. Michael Angelo says of a picture painted by him, that "No man could have created such a picture without having seen the original." (Görres Mystic., i., 155.)

If the conclusions already arrived at rest upon a firm foundation, and, as it appears to us, they are indisputable, we may conclude as follows:—

1. That there is an universal connection in nature, and a mutual reciprocity in sympathetic and anti-pathetical contrasts, but which cannot be perceived by the waking

senses ; so that there is, at all events, a something of which the senses do not give direct evidence.

2. That the world is not a piece of mechanism, which runs down by an objectless necessity, and again winds itself up blindly ; and that the world is not of a soulless nature.

3. That nothing is known concerning a spiritual world.

4. That the living soul not only stands in sympathetic connection with the body, but also with the principles of nature, between which exist the invisible threads of attraction, the limits of which no mathematics can define.

5. That a spiritual communion exists between man and man, and therefore also between man and superior beings, is not to be denied. For, in all history, such a communion is not only suspected, but dimly felt, and even spoken of in subjective assertion.

6. That all the propaganda of common-sense speculations will certainly strive in vain, and will never succeed in the attempt, to en-

tirely eradicate, root and branch, the sentiments, sensations, and convictions of firmly-founded faith or superstition ; or to bolt and bar so securely all castles, ruins, and cloisters, that ghosts and apparitions shall not still, as before, take up their abode there.

7. That also dogmatic belief will as little be able to exorcise ghosts, or banish evil spirits, which trouble the brain, as visions, and lurk in the dark corners of the mind.

8. Lastly, that in science nothing yet is certain, or fixed, respecting nature and spirit, the soul or body, or the possibility, or probability, of reciprocal influences.

“Dies diei eructat verbum, et nox nocti indicat scientiam.” (Ps. xviii. 13.)

True magic lies in the most secret and inmost powers of the mind. Our spiritual nature is still, as it were, barred within us. All spiritual wonders, in the end, become but wonders of our own minds.

In magnetism lies the key to unlock the future science of magic, to fertilize the

growing germs in cultivated fields of knowledge, and reveal the wonders of the creative mind.

Magic is a great, secret, sudden, and disbelieved-in, wisdom (out of this world, and its opposite). Reason is a great, public, relied-on mistake (in this world, and the same with it, in its, by-man, accepted operations). The one treads down, and destroys the world. The other springs with it, and makes it. Therefore is one the worldliness true and believed, since man makes himself in it, and grows, into his being, in it. And therefore is the other, in the world-judgment, false and a lie, and a juggle, since man is contradicted in it. So says Paracelsus.

“The philosophy of the Orientals was intimately connected with their religious ideas—or rather the theosophy of their sages. The Parseeism, the theories of the Zernane Akerne, that is, of God before the division into the two principles, Ormuzd and Ahri-

man ; the theories of the seven Amschaspands ; of the Izeds and Fervers ; and, lastly, of the struggle between the two primary elements, the good and the evil, and of the victory of the good, contain so much that is true and noble, that the old Shemitic spirit reappears everywhere. Yet all this is but an allegorical representation, and even far from the perfection to which it was carried among the Greeks, and therefore farther removed from a perfect spirituality. In the same manner, the doctrines of Fo, or the Buddhism in India, in Thibet, in Japan, and partly also in China, are not wanting in a species of elevation of sentiment." Thus writes Ennemoser concerning the philosophy of the Orientals.

CHAPTER IX.

Characterisation of the elements, according to the views of the Magi, Magnetists, and Rosicrucians. Cabalistic and philosophical positions towards the systematising of magic, and facts to support them.

WE proceed to some carefully-considered abstract propositions. They are naturally diverse, since they have been culled—as it were like philosophical flowers—from out a whole gardenful of thought. Mosaic steps from all time, and embodying ideas from most numerous authors, they, as we may say, pile a staircase up which, in our speculations, we may ascend, with comparative lightsomeness, until we reach the satisfactory landing-place. Our efforts tend towards the strange and most preter-

naturally brilliant philosophy of the revived Rosicrucians. Such as the Magi were of old, would the disciples of Paracelsus be among the moderns. The purpose of these fragments will be discovered in our after-theories. They are as gems to the necklace of the philosophical, long-buried statue. That which we would, anew, set up.

Fire was regarded as the highest active and elastic element, one in essence, though manifested in three general species—celestial, subterraneous, and culinary. It was the cause of all motion, consequently of all mutation or change in nature. Its universal centre was regarded in the heavens—its local in the earth; it was the principle of all generation, and the fountain or primal source of all forms—in itself boundless and inscrutable. By this element there was an unbroken connection from first to last. (See the Chaldean Oracles of Zoroaster, in Cory's 'Collection of Ancient Fragments.'

Air, the next active elementary body, was supposed to hold in itself the substantial principles of all natural things; for even the salts, stones, and metals are resolvable into vapours. It was regarded as the cement and universal bond of nature. It must be understood, however, not as common air, but a pure ether, which is the principle of it. We see the action of these elements, in their lowest form, when a fire is kindled, for then a wonderful motion commences—light issues on all sides from the fire, and an incessant current of air flows towards it. The elementary air is perhaps the “universal world-spirit” of Baptista Porta, for “the oracles assert that the impression of characters and of other divine visions appear in the ether.” (Simp. in Phys., 144, Taylor’s Translation.)

Water, the third active element, was held to be the menstruum of all things; like the former, it is not to be understood according to the vulgar apprehension, but

in its pure form. We read in Genesis of the waters *above* the firmament, as well as under the firmament. It forms the current or stream in which material particles may be understood to swim. "Moisture is a symbol of life." (Proclus in Tim., 318, Taylor's Translation.)

Earth, the fourth element, is the passive, and fixed in whatever subject—animal, vegetable, or mineral. It is the womb in which the virtues of the other elements operate, and is the final receptivity of all the influences of the heavenly bodies; the common mother from whence all things spring, whose fruitfulness is produced by the threefold operation of fire, air, and water. Thus Zoroaster: "He makes the whole world of fire, and water, and earth, and all-nourishing ether;" and again, "we learn that matter pervades the whole world, as the gods also assert." (Proc. Tim., 142.)

The inscription on the statue of the Egyptian Neith is as follows:—

“I am all which is; which has been; which shall be. No mortal hath withdrawn *my veil*. And the result which I have brought forth is the sun.”

At the head of the Egyptian Theogony was Athyr, Goddess of Night.

The Egyptians appear to have believed that the bodies of all animals were occupied by human souls, in various stages, or conditions, of transmigration.

The *crux antata* (cross, key, or whatever it may be,) so frequent in the hands of Isis and other divinities, commonly designated the sign of divine life. It is similar to the astronomical sign ♀, appropriated to the planet Venus.

The ibex, or goat, was one of the accursed animals. The Sun in Aries, *princeps signorum, dux exercitûs cœli*, was represented by a young man with a ram's head; sometimes with human head but ram's horns. Of the former class is the Egyptian deity

Amon, from whom the Greeks derived their idea of Jupiter-Ammon.

The immunities conferred by reception into various mysteries, particularly those called Cabiric, are not particularly known. A resemblance has been conceived—possibly a connection existed—between some orders of the Cabirian and Druidic priesthoods.

The serpent was believed to be generated by the sun, and as such was an emblem of the initiates; they being said to be sons of the sun, or of light. It was, therefore, a symbol of wisdom, and a title of the priesthood.

Circumambulation, according to the sun's course, of their sacred places, was a rite much practised by the Druids.

“The Egyptian priests,” Plato says, “asserted that, in the course of 11,000 years, the sun had twice risen in the west, and set in the east.” That the Chaldæan, Druidical, and Egyptian priesthoods had either a common origin, or, at some period,

considerable intercourse, is extremely probable, and the exhibition of different points of contact between various ancient philosophies is made in all history. "The Druid religion," says the Rev. W. H. Grover, "was certainly the very same as that of the old Egyptian under the Osiridæ, and probably closely allied to that which succeeded under the Isidian priesthood, which was the religion of the Pharaohs."

The Druids, like the Peruvian priests, kindled their sacred fire by reflection from the sun's rays.

The Druidic temple was distinguished by the name of the Circle of Light. Diodorus has references to the Hyperborean Apollo. In his description of the island, the priesthood, and the temple, certain particulars are noted which identify these, respectively, with Britain, the Druids, and Stonehenge, or the City of Sarum.

The Druids taught the Transmigration of

souls : that each soul passed, by death, through all the gradations of animal life, from *annewn*, the lowest degree of animation, up to the highest condition of spiritual existence next to Deity. Of this scale, humanity was considered as the middle point. In this state, the soul could attach itself, freely, either to good or evil: if to evil, it was, after death, obliged to retrace its former transmigrations from a point in the animal creation equal to its turpitude ; and it again became man till it was attached to good. Above humanity, though it might, again, animate the body of man, it was incapable of relapse, but continued progressively rising to a degree of goodness and holiness inferior only to Divinity. We find it also written in the Triads, that "There are, for the soul, three circles of existence; first, the circle of infinity and immateriality, where Deity, alone, can live or dwell: secondly, the circle of a necessary state (of

origin or trial), inhabited by the being who draws his existence from matter, and man goes through this circle; thirdly, the circle of felicity, inhabited by the being who draws his existence from what is animate, and man penetrates through this to Heaven."

Keridwen, in the mythology of the Druids, was a female Divinity corresponding to the Venus of Lucretian philosophy or the Athyr of Egypt, and, in the veneration paid to her, to Isis, Demeter, and Cybele.

Pliny remarks that the Persian priests seem to have derived their doctrine from the British Druids; while the Hindu Pouranas, according to Wilford, Maurice, and other writers, affirm that their religious institutions and learning were derived, originally, from the White Islands of the West: that a Brahmin colony had anciently visited these islands, and that the race of the Pali, Palli, or Shepherds, the second great colony which emigrated from India, after stretching along

the shores of the Mediterranean, thence sought the "Holy Islands of the West," called in their sacred books *Breta-sthan* and *Pitri-sthan*, or the "Land of the Fathers," meaning the sage Druids. The Welsh Triads relate that the first colonists of Britain were the *Kynery*, who, under the leadership of Hu Gadaru (certainly a mythical character), originally came from *Defrobani*, the "Summer Land," the striking similarity of which name to *Taprobane*, an ancient name of Ceylon, has been noticed by various writers.

"The Egyptians," says Porphyry, "represent God by a *black* stone, because His nature is dark and obscure."

It was believed by the ancient Britons that, on the departure of mighty or illustrious spirits, violent storms occurred.

By the Gnostics, the Supreme Being was conceived as a most *pure and radiant light*, diffused through the immensity of space.

Rocks of igneous origin appear to be those of most ancient formation. Aquatic rocks are of more recent date.

Tubalis asserted, in those fabulous stories with which the genuine history of Spain and all other nations (the Jewish and American, for very different reasons, being excepted) are prefaced, to have led a colony from *Iberia*, in the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, to the great "Western Peninsula," to which they transferred the name of the country they originally inhabited.

It was a maxim of the most ancient philosophies, that whatever emanates from Deity returns to the Divine Source. In the return, therefore, to God of the human spirit which emanated from Him, it was necessary that it should be freed from all those impurities which by contact with matter, and in its isolated state, it had contracted while passing through life.

Hence the doctrine of purgatory, whether Gnostic, Platonic, Orphic, or Egyptian.

It is advanced in the Cabala, that, before the Creation of the World, all space was filled with Aur, Ain, Suph, or Infinite Light. But when the volition for the production of Nature was formed in the Divine Mind, the *Æternal Light*, hitherto equally diffused through the Boundless Expanse, *withdrew* itself to an equal distance in every direction from a certain point, and thus left, about this Centre, a spherical portion of empty space as a field for the operations of emanation by which all things were to be produced.

The ruins of Carnac (Kar, Kir, Kaer, Caer, Car:—*i. e.*, city), in Egypt, occupy an area of about nine acres. At Carnac, in Brittany, the Druidical monuments consist of upwards of 5,000 granite blocks, in the form of obelisks, resting on their points and disposed in eleven rows parallel with the coast.

The palace, or temple, of Palenqué, (so called from a native Indian deity, Esh-Balenque,) described by Stevens, is thought, by some, to have been erected as a FIRE-TEMPLE. The sign of the cross is also conspicuous amongst various sculptures apparently of a sacred or symbolic character.

Ibernia, Iberi, Phœnicia, are names of the same origin. The evidence (from language, religion, and ancient arts and monuments) of Ireland having been originally occupied by a Phœnician colony, is complete and absolute.

The Tower of Babel (Ba-Bel) is supposed by Colonel Rawlinson to have been erected—partially at least—for purposes connected with astrological divining, and towards the Szabian idolatry of the planets.

The ancient Moschi (whence Moskwa, Moscow, &c., and the modern Muscovite and Muzhok) are descendants of *Meshech*

and Tubal (whence Tobolsk), his brother, sons of Japheth; the Russians of Rosh.

Zerouataschter, Zoroaster, Zerdusht, Zoroades, or Zorades, were names of the Founder of the Fire-Philosophy: his followers were called Fire-Worshippers. But, in that element, they contemplated solely the symbol of the Deity. Meng-Zse maintained that nature had as great an inclination to good as water had of the disposition to flow downwards, and that she suffered no less violence in doing evil than the same element shows in its repugnance to flow upwards. Spirit-Light and Good he identified.

The artificial mounds in England, like that of Silbury and others, are considered as having been sacred to the Sun.

'Oscan or Etruscan, Tuscan and other appellatives, are convertible. From Etruria, Rome derived most of her priestly rites, and the profounder, probably, of her religious doctrines.

The Gnostics identified their deity, Abraxax, with Mithras, the Sun of the Gentiles; both their names, in Greek characters, representing the same number, 365, the annual solar circle, and the deity of the Sun himself. The mysteries of Mithras were accompanied by *Christian* ceremonies. The novice was initiated by the rite of baptism: pouring water, and making a sign on the forehead, were considered an ablution which purified from sin. The initiates then partook of the eucharist of bread and wine. They adored Christ under the form of *the Sun*, and considered that the visible material luminary was the type of himself. The Basilideans believed that Jesus appeared upon earth as a man, and that he wrought the miracles ascribed to him in the Gospels; but that he did not suffer on the Cross, for that Simon of Cyrene, who bore it to Calvary, was compelled to be crucified in his room. He was transformed into the likeness of Jesus, and Jesus, transcending, on the

spot, into his immortal and divine nature, looked on, under the form of Simon, triumphing over the ignorance and malice of the multitude. After which he ascended into Heaven. The Mahommedans give credit to the like supernatural transference of persons, only they differ as to the person whose form Christ took. Man, the Gnostics thought, was a compound of a terrestrial and corrupt body, whose evil propensities enthralled, and of a divine possibility, or soul, which was seeking to disencumber itself into light. While the Supreme Being employed various agencies to relieve the soul of its gross investitures of matter, the Demiurgus, Soul of the World, or Devil, adopted every means in his power to perfect his hold upon the unit. Those souls, or divine possibilities, which, in their reception of the Light, are enabled to clear themselves of the fogs of the worlds of being, will, at the dissolution of their sense-bodies, transcend into the Pleronæ. The souls that are unable to

illuminate themselves out of it, continue in the deceits, and therefore thralldom, of Matter — however beautiful and grand be it:—and they remain under the sceptre of the King of the Visible, and will, at death, transmigrate into other bodies, losing all trace of their previous stages—the nature of which are alone known to God—until, in purification, they really AWAKE. At last—in their escape into the *Pleronæ*, or state of the eternal Matterless Light—they triumph over *its imitation* and over *its* master, this King of Bright Shadows, Devil, or Great Demiurgus. This is the pure Transmigration of Pythagoras, and the Bhuddism which, in its truer or falser forms, prevails over all the East. And will be found, indeed, to be the foundation and parent of all religions.

CHAPTER X.

History of the Magi. Examination into the universal truth symbolised in the ancient mysteries. The Cabiri; traces of them; their strange worship. Origin and reality of magic. Historical *résumé*.

Our exposition of the Occult Philosophy, regarding which we have sought to supply clearer ideas to the attentive reader, would be incomplete, and would, we think, lack dignity, if we were not to furnish a brief historical account, gathered up from most valuable sources, not only of the Magi, but also of the singular, ancient, mysterious race or tribe of the primeval Cabiri. Traces of the strange worship of whom, and tokens of whose transcendental legends, are in all countries (as observable through

all history)—in a manner upon which we shall farther speak in its proper place—to be encountered.

The Magi may be described, in a word, as the high priests of ancient Persia, and the profound cultivators of the wisdom of Zoroaster. They were instituted by Cyrus when he founded the new Persian empire, and are supposed to have been of the Median race. Schlegel says ('Philosophy of History,' Lecture vii.), "They were not so much an hereditary sacerdotal caste, as an order or association, divided into various and successive ranks and grades, such as existed in the mysteries—the grade of apprenticeship—that of mastership—that of perfect mastership." In short, they were a theosophical college; and either its professors were called indifferently 'magi,' or magicians, and 'wise men,' or they were distinguished into two classes by those names.

"The Magi," says the author of ZOROASTER, in the quarto edition of the 'Ency-

clopædia Metropolitana,' " were the priests and philosophers of the ancient Persians, distinguished not only for their knowledge of theology, but also for their intimate acquaintance with the secrets of nature.

' Ille penes Persas *Magus* est qui sidera novit,
Qui sciat herbarum vires, cultumque deorum.'

Their name, pronounced 'Mogh' by the modern Persians, and 'Magh' by the ancients (Jer. xxxix. 3, 13), signified 'Wise,' as appears from Daniel v. ii., compared with Jeremiah xxxix. 3; and such is the interpretation of it given by the Greek and Roman writers. (Hesychius, v. *Μάγος*, Apuleius, 'Apol.' i., Porphy. 'de Absterentiâ,' iv., fol. 92.) Stobæus (p. 496) expressly calls the science of the Magi (*ἡ μαγεία*) the service of the gods (*θεῶν θεραπεία*); so Plato ('in Alcib.,' 1.) [According to Ennemoser, "Maginsiah, Madschusie, signified the office and knowledge of the priest, who was called 'Mag,' 'Magius,' 'Magiusi,' and afterwards 'Magi' and 'Magician.' Brucher maintains ('His-

toria Philosophica Critica,' i. 160) that the primitive meaning of the word is ' fire-worshipper,' ' worship of the light,' to which erroneous opinion he has been led by the Mahommedan dictionaries. In the modern Persian the word is ' Mog,' and ' Mogbed ' signifies high priest. The high priest of the Parsees, at Surat, even at the present day, is called ' Mobed.' Others derive the word from ' Megh ;' ' Meh-ab ' signifying something which is great and noble, and Zoroaster's disciples were called ' Meghestom.' " (' Reference to Kleuker and Wachsmuth.') Salverte states that these Mobeds are still named in the Pehivi dialect ' Magoi.] They were divided into three classes :—1. Those who abstained from all animal food. 2. Those who never ate of the flesh of any tame animals : and, 3. Those who made no scruple to eat any kind of meat. A belief in the transmigration of the soul was the foundation of this abstinence. They professed the science of divi-

nation, and for that purpose met together and consulted in their temples. ('Cic. de Div.,' 99.) They professed to make truth the great object of their study; for that alone, they said, can make man like God (Oromazes), "whose body resembles light, as his soul or spirit resembles truth." (Porphyr. 'in vitâ Pythagoræ,' p. 185.) They condemned all images, and those who said that the gods are male and female (Diogen. Laertius); they had neither temples nor altars, but worshipped the sky, as a representative of the Deity, on the tops of mountains: they also sacrificed to the sun, moon, earth, fire, water, and winds, says Herodotus (i. 25); meaning, no doubt, that they adored the heavenly bodies and the elements. This was probably before the time of Zoroaster, when the religion of Persia seems to have resembled that of ancient India. Their hymns in praise of the Most High exceeded, according to Dio Chrysostom ('Orat. Borysthen,' 36), the

sublimity of anything in Homer or Hesiod. They exposed their dead bodies to wild beasts. (Cicero, *loc. cit.*)” His reference is to Thomas Hyde’s ‘*Historia Religionis veterum Persarum;*’ and to Kleuker, ‘*Anhang zum Zend-Avesta,*’ Leip. 1783.

Schlegel also continues, that it is a question “whether the old Persian doctrine and ‘*Lichtsage*’ (wisdom or tradition of light) did not undergo material alterations in the hands of its Median restorer, Zoroaster; or whether this doctrine was preserved, in all its purity, by the order of the Magi.” He then remarks, that on them devolved the important trust of the monarch’s education, which must necessarily have given them great weight and influence in the State. “They were in high credit at the ‘*Persian gates*’—for that was the Oriental name given to the capital of the empire, and the abode of the prince—and they took the most active part in all the factions that encompassed the throne, or that were formed

in the vicinity of the court. In Greece, and even in Egypt, the sacerdotal fraternities and associations of initiated, formed by the mysteries, had in general but an indirect, though not unimportant, influence on affairs of State; but in the Persian monarchy they acquired a complete political ascendancy." This is only so far of moment to our present subject as it leads to the remark that the whole ancient world was in reality governed by the Magi, either openly or in secret; and that the reason of their so great power was the high wisdom they cultivated. Religion, philosophy, and the sciences were all in their hands; they were the universal physicians who healed the sick in body and in spirit, and, in strict consistency with that character, ministered to the State, which is only the man again in a larger sense.

The three grades of the Magi alluded to in the passage cited above, and from Schlegel, are called by Herder ('Mobed et Destur-Mobed'), the 'disciples,' the 'professed,' and

the 'masters.' They were originally from Bactria, where they governed a little State by laws of their own choice, and by their incorporation in the Persian empire they greatly promoted the consolidation of the conquests of Cyrus. Their fall dates from the reign of Darius Hystaspes, about 500 B.C., by whom they were fiercely persecuted; this produced an emigration which extended to Cappadocia on the one hand, and to India on the other, but they were still of so much consideration at a later period as to provoke the jealousy of Alexander the Great. It is, in all probability, to the emigration of the Magi that we must attribute the spread of magic in Greece and Arabia.

So much critical acumen and mystical research has been expended on the subject of the Cabiri and the Ancient Mysteries, and it is so intimately connected with the origin of all mythology, and with the ancient creeds of philosophy and religion, that we can attempt little more than a bare indica-

tion of its nature. The Cabiri are often mentioned as powerful magicians, but more generally as the most ancient gods of whose worship there is any record, while their mysteries called Samothracian designate the form in which that worship, and the philosophy in which it was grounded, are recognised by antiquaries. The mysteries of Eleusis and Bacchus are of recent date compared with these antique rites; which, in fact, are lost in antiquity, and extend far beyond the historical period. The facts as stated by Noël, in his very valuable 'Dictionnaire de la Fable,' 4th. ed., 1823, are briefly these:—

Therecides, Herodotus, and Nonnus speak of the Cabiri as sons of Vulcan, which is the opinion adopted by Fabretti. Cicero calls them sons of Proserpine; and Jupiter is often named as their father, which Noël thinks may be the reason of their identification with Castor and Pollux, known as the Dioscuri. We shall reserve the terms in

which Sanconiathon speaks of them for distinct notice. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Macrobius, Varro, and others, consider them the same as the Penates of the Romans; in which, however, the Venetian Altori is opposed to them. According to his opinion, and that of Vossius, the Cabiri were nothing more than the ministers of the gods, who were deified after their death; and the Dactyli, the Curetes, and the Corybantes, were only other names by which they were known. Strabo regards them as the ministers of Hecate. Bochart, in fine, recognises in them the three principal infernal deities, Pluto, Proserpine, and Mercury. Such are the conflicting opinions recorded by Noël, which, as we shall presently see, have been regulated somewhat by a more recent author, Mr. Kenrick.

The worship of the Cabiri, if the general belief is to be credited, was originally derived from Egypt, where we find the ancient temple of Memphis consecrated to them.

Herodotus supposes that the Pelasgians, the first inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, dwelt first in the isle of Samothrace, where they introduced this worship, and established the famous mysteries, into which such heroes as Cadmus, Orpheus, Hercules, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Æneas, and Philip, the father of Alexander, had the honour of being initiated. From their abode in Samothrace, the Pelasgi carried these mysteries to Athens; whence they were conveyed to Thebes. Æneas, after the ruin of his country, in like manner introduced the worship of the Cabiri into Italy, his new home; and there they were invoked in all cases of domestic misfortune, and became the household gods of the people.

We shall notice, before concluding, the theory of Pocke, who has undertaken to divest these ancient traditions of all mystery. Here it is proper to remark that the name of the Cabiri is generally derived from the Phœnician, signifying powerful gods, and

both the Latins and Greeks called them 'Dii Potentes,' or 'Dii Socii,' associated gods. It is probable the *esoteric*, or real name, was only revealed to initiates. The ancient figures, representing them, generally convey the idea of power or warlike energy, by a dart, a lance, or a hammer. Here the conclusions of Mr. Kenrick, as we gather them from a somewhat extended criticism in his 'Egypt before Herodotus,' 1841, may be briefly represented as follows :—

1. The existence of the worship of the Cabiri, at Memphis, under a pigmy form, and its connection with the worship of Vulcan. The coins of Thessalonica also establish this connection ; those which bear the legend 'Kabeiros' having a figure with a hammer in his hand, the *pileus* and apron of Vulcan, and sometimes an anvil near the feet.

2. The Cabiri belonged also to the Phœnician Theology. The proofs are drawn from the statements of Herodotus.

Also the coins of Cossyra, a Phœnician settlement, exhibit a dwarfish figure with the hammer and short apron, and sometimes a radiated head, apparently allusive to the element of fire, like the star of the Dioscuri.

3. The Isle of Lemnos was another remarkable seat of the worship of the Cabiri and of Vulcan, as representing the element of fire. Mystic rites were celebrated here, over which they presided, and the coins of the island exhibit the head of Vulcan, or a Cabirus, with the *pileus*, hammer, and forceps. It was this connection with fire, metallurgy, and the most remarkable product of the art-weapons of war, which caused the Cabiri to be identified with the Cureks of Etolia, the Idæi Dactyli of Crete, the Corybantes of Phrygia, and the Telchines of Rhodes. They were the same probably in Phœnician origin, the same in mystical and orgiastic rites, but different in number, genealogy, and local circumstances, and by the mixture of other mythical traditions, according to the

various countries in which their worship prevailed. The fable that one Cabirus had been killed by his brother, or brothers, was probably a moral *mythus*, representing the result of the invention of armour, and analogous to the story of the mutual destruction of the men in brazen armour, who sprang from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus and Jason. It is remarkable that the name of the first fratricide signifies a 'lance,' and in Arabic a 'smith.'

4. The worship of the Cabiri prevailed, also, in Imbros, near the entrance of the Hellespont, which makes it probable that the great gods, in the neighbouring island of Samothrace, were of the same origin. The Cabiri, Curetes, and Corybantes, appear to have represented air as well as fire. This island was inhabited by Pelasgi, who may have derived this worship from the Phœnicians, and who, now, mingled it with dogmas and ceremonies derived from the neighbouring country of Thrace and Phrygia,

and with the old Pelasgic mysteries of Ceres. Hence the various explanations given of the Samothracian deities, and the number of them, so differently stated ; some making them two, some four, some eight ; the latter agreeing with the number of early Egyptian gods mentioned by Herodotus. It is still probable that their number was two, from their identification with the Dioscuri and Tyndaridæ, and from the number of the Patæci on Phœnician vessels. The addition of Vulcan, as their father, or brother, made them three ; and a fourth may have been their mother, Cabira.

5. The Samothracian divinities continued to be held in high veneration in late times, but are commonly spoken of in connection with navigation, as the twin Dioscuri, or Tyndaridæ ; on the other hand, the Dioscuri are spoken of as the Curetes, or Corybantes. The coins of Tripolis exhibit the spears and star of the Dioscuri, with the legend ' Cabiri.'

6. The Roman Penates have been identified with the Dioscuri, and Dionysius states that he had seen two figures, of ancient workmanship, representing youths, armed with spears, which, from an antique inscription on them, he knew to be meant for Penates. So, the 'Lares' of Etruria and Rome.

7. The worship of the Cabiri furnishes the key to the wanderings of Æneas, the foundation of Rome, and the War of Troy, itself, as well as the Argonautic expedition. Samothrace and the Troad were so closely connected in this worship, that it is difficult to judge in which of the two it originated; and the gods of Lavinium, the supposed colony from Troy, were Samothracian. Also the Palladium, a pigmy image, was connected at once with Æneas and the Troad, with Rome, Vesta, and the Penates, and the religious belief and traditions of several towns in the South of Italy. Mr. Kenrick also recognises a mythical per-

sonage in *Æneas*, whose attributes were derived from those of the Cabiri, and continues with some interesting observations on the Homeric fables. He concludes that the essential part of the War of Troy originated in the desire to connect together, and explain, the traces of an ancient religion. In fine, he notes one other remarkable circumstance, that the countries in which the Samothracian and Cabiriac worship prevailed were peopled either by the Pelasgi or by the *Æolians*, who, of all the tribes comprehended under the general name *Hellenes*, approach the most nearly, in antiquity and language, to the Pelasgi. “We seem warranted, then,” (our author observes,) “in two conclusions: first, that the Pelasgian tribes in Italy, Greece, and Asia were united, in times reaching high above the commencement of history, by community of religious ideas and rites, as well as letters, arts, and language; and, secondly, that large portions of what is called the heroic history of

Greece, are nothing else than fictions devised to account for the traces of this affinity, when time, and the ascendancy of other nations, had destroyed the primitive connection, and rendered the cause of the similarity obscure. The original derivation of the Cabiriac system from Phœnicia and Egypt is a less certain, though, still, highly probable conclusion.

8. The name 'Cabiri' has been very generally deduced from the Phœnician 'mighty;' and this etymology is in accordance with the fact that the gods of Samothrace were called 'Divi potentes.' Mr. Kenrick believes, however, that the Phœnicians used some other name, which the Greeks translated 'Kabeiros,' and that it denoted the two elements of 'fire' and 'wind.'

These points bring the floating traditions collected by Noël and other compilers into something like order; they, likewise, support our belief, as stated on another page, in a primitive revelation, the history of which was symbolically represented, either

by real or fictitious persons, as most convenient, in the Homeric poems, and other remains of antiquity. Mr. Pococke, however, ('India in Greece,' 1852,) seems to reason differently; though it would be easy to convert his argument in favour of our hypothesis. "The 'Cabeiri,' " he says, "are the *Khyberi*, or people of the 'Khyber;' the 'Corybantes' are the 'Gour-boud-des,' or people of 'Ghor-bund-land;' all of whom are 'Pat-aikoi,' or Lunar tribes, that is, *Bud'hists*." We cannot pretend to represent either the extent of Mr. Pococke's argument, or the learning with which he pursues it; but it must be evident that the transference of names from one region to another, and the proof that Palestine and Greece were colonised from India, would not affect the radical value of those names, or the mystical import of the original symbols. So much it seems necessary to state, because the author we allude to supposes *all the mystery must necessarily disappear* from this subject when he has pointed out

that the 'Dii Potes' of the Greeks and Romans are simply the 'Dii Bodhes,' or Budha gods of Hindostan. On the contrary, we are persuaded that, whatever new light may be thrown upon these ancient systems of worship, or on the settlements of the primeval nations, it will only bring out in stronger relief the great fact, that a community of religious ideas and rites, as well as of letters, arts, and language, really existed in times reaching high above the commencement of history, as affirmed by Mr. Kenrick. This opinion also gathers strength from the German writers cited by Ennemoser, chiefly Schweigger, who resolve the Cabiriac symbols into a system of natural philosophy, founded on the knowledge of electricity and magnetism. It would lead us too far to consider these interesting developments, and, as the work is accessible to the public, it is almost unnecessary.

In the generations of Sanconiathon, the Cabiri are claimed for the Phœnicians, though we understand the whole mystically.

The line proceeds thus :—Of the Wind and the Night were born two mortal men, Æon and Protogonus. The immediate descendants of these were 'Genus' (perhaps Cain) and Genea. To Genus were born three mortal children, Phôs, Pâr, and Phlox, who discovered fire; and these, again, begat sons of vast bulk and height, whose names were given to the mountains in which they dwelt; Cassius, Libanus, Antilibanus, and Brathu. The issue of these giant men, by their own mothers, were Meinrumus, Hypsuranius, and Usous. Hypsuranius inhabited Tyre; and Usous, becoming a huntsman, consecrated two pillars, to fire and the wind, with the blood of the wild beasts that he captured. In times long subsequent to these, the race of Hypsuranius gave being to Hagreus and Halieus, inventors, it is said, of the arts of hunting and fishing. From these descended two brothers, one of whom was Chrysor or Hephæstus (perhaps Tubal-Cain or Vulcan): this Hephæstus exercised himself in words, charms, and

divinations; he also invented boats, and was the first that sailed. His brother first built walls with bricks, and their descendants, in the second generation, seem to have completed the invention of houses, by the addition of courts, porticos, and crypts. They are called Aletæ and Titans, and in their time began husbandry and hunting with dogs. From the Titans descended Amynus (perhaps Ham), and Magus, who taught men to construct villages and tend flocks; and of these two were begotten Misor (perhaps Mizraim), whose name signifies Well-freed, and Sydic, whose name denotes the Just: these found out the use of salt. We now come to the important point in this line of wonders. From Misor descended Taantus (Thoth, Athothis, or Hermes-Trismegistus), who invented letters; and from Sydic descended the Dioscuri, or Cabiri, or Corybantes, or Samothraceæ. These, according to Sanconiathon, first built a complete ship, and others descended from them who discovered medicines and

charms. All this dates prior to Babylon and the gods of Paganism, the elder of whom are next introduced in the 'Generations.' Finally Sanconiathon settles Poseidon (Neptune) and the Cabiri at Berytus; but not till circumcision, the sacrifice of human beings, and the portrayal of the gods had been introduced. In recording this event, the Cabiri are called husbandmen and fishermen, which leads to the presumption that the people who worshipped those ancient gods were at length called by their name.

After all that has been written, perhaps the symbol of Vulcan and the Cabiri may be studied with most effect in the Mosaic Scriptures. Among the Harleian MSS. is a copy of the constitution of an ancient body of Freemasons, prefaced by a short history, commencing as follows:—"If you ask mee how this science was first invented, my answer is this. That, before the general deluge, which is commonly called Noah's flood, there was a man called

Lemeck, as you may read in the 4th of Genesis, whoe had twoe wives; the one called Adah, the other Zilla : by Adah hee begot twoe sones, Jabell and Juball; by Zilla hee had a sonne called Tuball and a daughter named Naahmah; these fower children found y^e beginning of all y^e craft in the world. Jabell found out geometry, and hee divided flocks of sheep and lands; hee first built a house of stone and timber. Juball found out musick. Tubal found out the symth's trade, or craft; alsoe of gold, silver, copper, iron, and steele, &c." ('MS.' 1942.) This Tubal, or Tubalcain, we may pretty safely identify with Vulcan, the symbol of material art, or of the man understanding and working in nature. It is only in the interpretation of this symbol, and its connection in Genesis, that we can ever hope to discover the beginning of the ancient mysteries, and of that system of religion and philosophy that overspread Asia and Greece. In working such a problem, the births of these "fower children"

must be looked at as so many successive manifestations of the spirit in man, producing, in fine, the Greek understanding, and the magic of Samothrace and Thessalonica. Naahmah, the last born, is the virgin Wisdom, that lies deepest in human understanding. And hence the mystic prophecy that Tubalcain, in the last days (Millennium), shall find his sister Naahmah, who shall come to him in golden attire.

The mysteries of the Cabiriac worship were celebrated at Thebes and Lemnos, but especially in the isle of Samothrace: the time chosen was night. The candidate for initiation was crowned with a garland of olive, and wore a *purple* band round his loins. Thus attired, and prepared by secret ceremonies (probably mesmeric), he was seated on a throne, brilliantly lighted, and the other initiates then danced round him in hieroglyphic measures. It may be imagined that solemnities of this nature would easily degenerate into orgies of the most immoral

tendency, as the ancient faith, and reverence for sacred things, perished; and such was really the case. Still, the primitive institution was pure in form and beautiful in its mystic signification, which passed, from one ritual to another, till its last glimmer expired in the freemasonry of a very recent period. The general idea represented was the passage, through death, to a higher life; and while the outward senses were held in the thrall of magnetism, it is probable that revelations, good or evil, were made to the high priests of these ceremonies. The connection of magical power with the traditions of the Cabiri will thus become easy of comprehension; and it is singular, as showing the same disposition in human nature, at a far distant period, that the highest degree of initiation in the secret societies of the "Illuminati" (Rosicrucians), at the period of the French Revolution, took its name from Clairvoyance.

CHAPTER XI.

Phases of the Religion of Light or Fire. The groundwork of all the religions of the East.

As the close of our first volume, we supply a prism, as it were, of mythologic nomenclature, whereby, so to speak, the theistic, coloured rays are gathered up into the whiteness of the colourless Magian Light. Into the singleness of divinity of the Unitarians. Philosophy—and Theology, too—discharge their best office in the *synthesis*, and not in the spreading-out (or multiplication), of religious objects. Before men destroy each other for religion's sake, it should be found that, apart from mere mythic distinctions, they are not seeking to annihilate simply for various readings of the same thing. The whole tendency of our book is to prove

that, out of faith, and out of the spirit—in other words, except in miracle, and in God's own immortal and unchangeable, because (in this world's ideas) unreal and impossible light—all things are at one, as aught is possible. Be the things of the world to the world! We feel assured that the idea of God is in no way deducible through the human-reason. That no book of justification can, in any way, make it plain. That the ancients were so fully assured of this, that they mythed the exquisite human-reason under the form of the Opposing Principle, the sinister side of life, the Diabolus, Lucifer, or Light—meaning comprehensible light. And that in the divine exaltation wholly out of the body, and in the effulgence in the—to reason—impossible, and therefore incomprehensible light, the Great Thinkers of the buried ages alone saw God possible. This is the real baptism of fire of the arch-herald Saint John. That which he signified as resting in the hands of ONE far greater than himself:—he only coming with the lesser

baptism, or with water; or as with the reasons of this world.

By a very short route, we arrive at the truth demonstrated by Sir William Jones, that the gods of India, Egypt, and Greece, are, fundamentally, the same. But we infer conclusions very different from those which resolve these *august legends* into material history.

The revelation of light, in two species, natural and spiritual, and its conflict with the power of darkness, is the fundamental principle of all the mythologies. It is the Indra, or Veeshnou, of the Hindoos, the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Zeus of the Greeks, the Odin of the Scandinavians, and the Yang, or perfect substance, of the Chinese. As the fiery darkness, in like manner, is represented by the opposition of Ahrimanes, of Typhon, of Pluto, of Loki, and, in the Chinese system, by the principle Yu, designating imperfect matter. The analogy between the sun of this world and the rational light, on the one hand, and

between materiality and mental darkness on the other, causes the connection between theology and cosmogony in all the ancient systems. And it is this perpetual comprehension of two ideas in one symbol that has given rise to so much perplexity in the interpretation of the old fables. We see the confusion it causes in the following table of the Heathen Trinity, taken from 'Cory's Philosophical Inquiry':—

It commences with the Orphic,

Metis. Phanes, or Eros. Ericapæus.

Which are interpreted,

Will, or	Light, or	Life, or
Counsel.	Love.	Life-giver.

From Acusilaüs,

Metis.	Eros.	Ether.
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From Hesiod, according to Damascius,

Earth.	Eros.	Tartarus.
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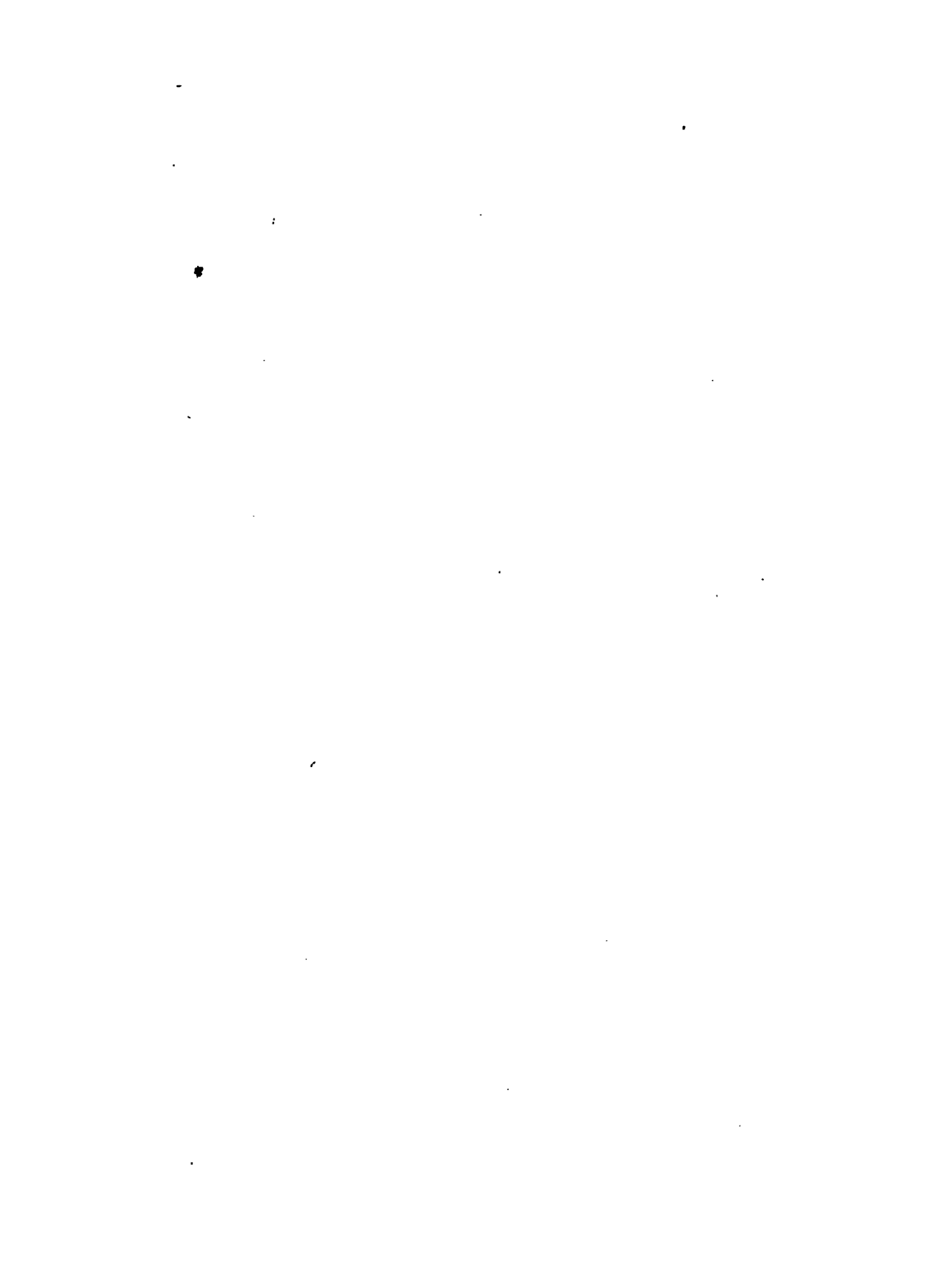
From Pherecydes Syrius,

Fire.	Water.	Spirit, or Air.
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From the Sidonians,

Cronus.	Love,	Cloudy darkness,
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